

easter vigil issue

REMEMBER TO GO TO BATHURST YOU BASTARDS

EDITORIAL



At Our Desk.

Well here we are again, brimming over with great stuff for this issue of Woroni. And it is only too tempting to refer to something which is brimming over at the moment in a Nuclear Reactor at a town called Harrisburg in a state called Pennsylvania in a country euphemistically called the United States. All we can say is that if they keep this sort of thing up they'll have to change the name to the Disunited States, because half the population will be vagrants, forced to leave their homes and jobs and so forth because of Nuclear Accidents like this most recent one. Have you ever considered how much it costs to evacuate 1,000,000 people, as may be necessary in this instance? I imagine it wouldn't be cheap. Can you even begin to imagine the difficulties involved in having hordes of

the country's population drifting aimlessly about waiting perhaps 50,000 years before they can go home and tidy up a bit? We

certainly can, and we think its bloody madness. The people who run the Nuclear Industry would have us believe that they have all the answers, and that they can be trusted to save us from the blunders that they maintain they never make. Very curious. It is a fact that the Engineering expertise required to make Nuclear Power Plants safe is rather hairy, and very expensive. It is also a fact that in the US the wide ranging plans for Nuclear expansion have come under review lately, because of the cost. Disasters like Harrisburg can only escalate the cost still higher, since they mean more and more elaborate safety precautions must be engineered. Anyway, to find out all the facts, and the background to them, read our in depth report on Harrisburg by Tony (half-life) Lambert, in this issue.

On a sillier note, we continue with our campaign to change the name of this rag. In order to do this we are going to put a ballot box

in the Union Foyer next week, and if you write your name and address on a piece of paper as well as your suggested name for the paper you will be in the running for the BIG CASH PRIZE we are offering, (\$20, we hope). There you are, your very own chance at fame and fortune. Don't say we never do anything for you. Bye Bye for now,
The Eds.

REMEMBER THE NEXT STUDENTS ASSOCIATION MEETING IS ON AT 8PM WEDNESDAY 18TH APRIL
COME ALONG AND HELP RUN YOUR ASSOCIATION

Editors:
Charles Livingstone
Beth Pattinson
Tony Lambert
Published by Steve Bartos
for
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Letters

Dear Eds,

Is it too much to ask that people who write articles for our paper get their facts straight?

The excellent article on South American dictators in the last issue was marred by a number of mistakes. The Brazilian Congress was suspended in 1977 but has since been reconvened. At the recent elections the parties opposed to the present regime won a majority of the votes, though the Queensland-style electoral system ensured that the government maintained a majority of seats. I must concede of course that the Congress has little real power in Brazil.

In the same article we are told that Senator James Church described the Uruguyan regime as horrific. A footnote points out that Senator Frank Church was killed at Jonestown in Guyana. Who is Senator James Church? As far as I know he doesn't exist. Furthermore, and more importantly, Senator Frank Church has never been near Jonestown and is still very much alive (he is thinking of running for President in 1980). The person who was killed at Jonestown was Representative Ryan from California.

On the back page we had a very confused writer talking about the Lusher "Bill" about abortion funding. It was nothing of the kind. It was a mere MOTION, that ASKED the government to do something about abortion funding. It was a silly motion anyway, but it was even sillier when you consider that the government almost certainly would have ignored it if it had passed, as they were under no obligation to do anything about it. The whole community got stirred up over an ineffective and ill-considered motion.

I am not being pedantic, nor am I a fascist or (shudders) a Liberal. Both articles were interesting and informative. But the inaccuracies detracted from the worth of what was written, and made other parts of the articles suspect. The point is that when people are going to write articles for Woroni, they have an obligation to get all their facts straight.

Chris Erskine

'm terribly sorry. Anyway, it was only a little mistake. - C.L.

Dear Eds,

Wandering around the Sports Union shop, one tends to notice the large amounts of unnecessary packaging. Take the tennis balls for example; you can buy vacuum sealed cans of tennis balls... vacuum sealed to keep the balls factory fresh. Look at all that precious metal going to waste just because of some silly sales gimmick.

Then we have the squash balls, all conveniently packed in lots of twelve AND then packed in their own little individual boxes. So for every dozen squash balls there are twelve little boxes and one larger one - it seems such a waste.

What about the plastic coat hangers? Are they used again or simply thrown away? If they are being thrown away, why not put them in a box in the front of the shop so that anyone who could do with a few more hangers could come and get them at will.

It may not be the Sports Union's fault - I suppose it would be hard to buy goods from the wholesalers without all the trappings, but I do think the Sports Union should make an effort to do away with all this senseless waste of valuable resources. After all, every little effort helps.

Jo Junkie

Dear Eds,

How about improving the language in your paper. I say your paper because as it is at the moment not many students take the paper seriously or even want to read it. It is a curiosity item only to be read if it happens to be seen lying around when you have nothing better to do. One way to make it a students' paper and not a heavy's rag is to improve the language.

Subconsciously at least, most intelligent people (and students are basically intelligent) are turned off by an over usage of swear words for a number of reasons:

(1) It implies the writer is trying to be a heavy and be in with the crowd.

(2) It implies the writer has a limited vocabulary and can't get his ideas into a meaningful form.

(3) It implies that the writer is trying to let off steam and lessen his frustrations with life rather than get a point across in a worthwhile article.

Swearing has its time and place but not in every page of 'the voice of the students of A.N.U.'

Some examples from the last edition come from the article on 'Lusher's Bill'. They include 'kick in the cunt' and 'mind fucking'. These expressions haven't got specific meaning and turn you off the writer and their cause. Surely most people would rather read the colloquial article, e.g. about Fred. Using the phrase 'a right run around' is surely better than saying 'fucked the poor cunt up'?

Anon.

Who's the fucking moron who isn't game enough to put his/her name to this shitfully biased letter?

Eds

Dear Eds,

I was pleased to see that you juxtaposed Simon Carter's cryonic babblings with articles on suffering and oppression in your International Politics issue.

The arrogance and insensitivity of the cryonists is remarkable. Carter is seriously (his name anagrams to Mister Acorn - a nut, perhaps?) suggesting that we each put aside more than \$20,000 to ensure our immortality. If he awoke from his cryonic dream and diverted the contributions he is making now towards his deathlessness to Community Aid Abroad or similar he could be certain of contributing to the well-being and longevity of a number of people who today face real suffering.

I don't have Carter's spare money so, as well as donating my cadaver to curious anatomists - if they want it - I carry a kidney donor card and an eye donor card with me; that would seem to ensure a better use for my corpse than having it consume irreplaceable energy and labour while it freezes. Any, anyway, what use would a twentieth century person be in the

twenty-third century or later? The reactionaries of this century are bad enough and I shudder at the thought of what a nuisance my twentieth century ideas would be after I was resuscitated 200+ years hence.

Incidentally, if Carter is set in his cryonic rut, I hope he is contributing even more than the amount he diverts to his immortality to people concerned with population and conservation problems so he has a livable world to return to. And if the cryonists dream ever comes true I hope, for Carter's sake, that he's the first one to be defrosted; because our tiny planet will by then be crammed coast-to-coast with cryonizing corpses and so many people already living that I doubt if they'll bother to re-awaken more than a few of the frozen fools.

Best wishes,
Keith Thomas.

THIS ISSUE OF
"WORONI"
(THE STUDENTS FRIEND)
WAS BROUGHT TO YOU
BY
CHRIS KEATS
IAN MASON
RICHARD KLEEMAN
TIM HARRIS
JULIA CHURCH
KATHY ORR GABY FOSTER
(NOT TO MENTION PETA)

IN NOMINE DOMINE
ET
FILIO
ET
SPIRITUS SANCTUS
AAAMMEEENNN

WORONI WILL PUBLISH ANY LETTERS THAT ANYONE WRITES AS LONG AS THEY CONTAIN MONEY. OTHERS WILL BE CONSIDERED ON THEIR MERITS. LETTERS CAN BE LEFT IN THE S.A. OFFICE, OR POSTED TO WORONI, C/- ANUSA, P.O. BOX 4, CANBERRA, ACT, 2600.

letters *cont.*

Dear Collective,

The undersigned English students would like to register their protest at the defamatory article in your last edition entitled *Deep in the Bowels of the English Department*. The article strikes us as *puerile, inaccurate, misleading, offensive and in no way conducive to rational discussion of educational issues in the department and the university at large.*

The level of personal malice and vindictive distortion displayed by the supposed *Sam Peeps* is something from which we are sure students in the department would wish to dissociate themselves.

We look forward to responsible editorship from the *Woroni* collective in the future and until such time as useful discussion of departmental issues emerges in your pages, we remain,

Yours sincerely,

- David Braddon-Mitchell
- Debra Oswald
- Ann Molan
- Madeleine O'Dea
- Paul Corcoran
- Martin Barrett
- Carlo Di Guglielmo
- Carol McKechnie
- Joan Frazer
- Marion Hayes
- Andrea Mitchell.

The article in question was simply the opinion of one English student who was bothered enough to write something. It is not our policy to refuse any such articles, constructive or otherwise.

- Eds.

Dear Eds,

I'd like to bring to the readers' attention that the Canberra Branch of the Australian Union of Jewish Students (ANUJSS) has resumed activities for 1979. Our first function proved to be a great success, a very pleasant time being had by all who attended. The visit by Micheal Marx, president of the AUJS, generated much interest, and throughout the afternoon members were engaged in informal discussion with Micheal on all aspects of zionist and jewish issues.

ANUJSS will be holding many more functions this year and would like to extend an invitation to anyone interested in either zionist or jewish issues to attend. Some of the issues we are interested in include support for the continued survival and well-being of the State of Israel, to provide representation of jewish students in Australia, to actively promote the rights of freedom of thought, expression, action and association for those jews who are oppressed in various countries throughout the world, and to liaise with any organisation which is concerned to promote the interests of students in general.

Anyone wanting further information can contact me at 7 Murdoch St. Lyneham, or on Ext. 2444 at the Union.

Sonja Weinberg
(Regional Organizer)



from the Lusher Debate

Clyde Cameron (Labor), condemning men's hypocrisy on a woman's issue, pointed at Mr Lusher and said: "And this one's for you and don't look so guilty. Many of you have committed adultery, there are some of you that have been party to abortions, or privy to abortions of close friends."

Tribune

"The title for the newsletter was discussed and it was felt that the latin Quidnovi ('What News') was too pretentious."

-Union Board of Management Meeting No. 2 1979.

- who thinks of such titles in the first place?

Informants at the Canberra Hospital tell us that a Catholic priest turned up at Casualty over the Christmas period for, (wait for it), a.V.D. test! Enough said.

Bogota, Sun: An egg that carried a message apparently forecasting the end of the world has been referred to a Roman Catholic Bishop and agricultural experts. A peasant woman in the village of Tebaida, 350km west of Bogota, found the egg when she made the rounds of her chicken coop earlier this week. On the shell, in raised letters, were the words: 'Judicio final. Arrepentios. Dios' (Final judgment. Repent' (sgd.) God) From the 'West Australian'

The Warty Warden Replies

It is indeed gratifying to see that our warty Warden fell into the carefully laid spelling trap, so ingenuously set for his sober and pedantically boring mind. Nine whole letters eh? We'll try eleven next time.

One of our most cherished political big-heads, Alastair Walton, is leaving us. Alastair, as most of you know, has been leading the A.N.U. branch of the Liberal Society through hell and highwater for the past couple of years. It is a pity that during this time he had to drag the S.A. along with him but at least one could never call an S.A. meeting 'dull' with Alastair present. Believe it or not we are losing him to the Ford Motor company in Melbourne. (Methinks the workers don't know what they're in for!) Good luck and good riddance Alastair!

Anyone seen an issue of 'the Plain Truth lately? It's put out by the World Wide Church of God. It used to be controlled by Herbert and Garner Ted Armstrong (a father and son team). Recently the 80 year old and senile Herbert excommunicated his son. Garner Ted of course went off to found his own church. Herbs distraught rejoinder was as follows; 'This Garner Ted has now started a campaign to draw away sheep and shepherds.....to follow a man instead of the

The W.A. Branch of the A.L.P. has changed from supporting the legalisation of marihuana to supporting the idea that possession and use of marihuana isn't all that bad.

At a conference last year a motion on the agenda was that "production, distribution and use of marihuana be legalised and placed under the control of an appropriate authority". This was one of the items not reached at the conference. At a special meeting to consider business not covered at the conference, the motion was passed.

BUT, only half the delegates were present at the meeting (the Opposition Leader, Mr Davies, was absent as was the secretary, Mr McMullan), so another meeting was called. At this meeting, it was decided that a State Labor Government would "urge continued research" into drug use (alcohol included) and "place greater emphasis on the detection and prosecution of criminal elements which profit from the exploitation of drugs."

The policy stresses the difference between "soft" drugs and "hard" drugs which could lead to a great reduction in the penalgies for use or possession of marihuana. It's not as good as the legalisation of marihuana but It's getting there. It is a pity that a bit more of this sort of thing wasn't happening over east.

How about this for a laugh
"Washington, Sun.: The U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission has reversed an earlier decision and approved the export of eight tonnes of enriched uranium to India for use at a power plant.

The agency voted 3-2 to approve the shipment despite India's successful 1974 test of an atomic bomb and its failure so far to agree to the comprehensive safeguards against the spread of nuclear weapons outlined in the U.S. Non-Proliferation Act.

Mr John Ahearne, a new commission member who broke the former 2-2 tied vote, said that though India had not yet agreed to American inspection of its nuclear plants, continuing negotiations could lead to an agreement on the issue.

-A.A.P. Reuters."
(The West Australian, 26/3/79)

Oh, well

AUSTRALIA FIRST!

The National Front stands for Australian Nationalism

All persons interested in establishing a Canberra branch should write to:

G.P.O. Box 2696X,
Melbourne, Victoria. 3001.

All budding fascists take note!
This appeared in the Canberra Times on the 26/3/79.

'Living God'. This of course means the Living Herbert. Herb subsequently had a heart attack, recovered, and is now selling a new revelation, 'The Incredible Human Potential'-'the most incredibly revealing book since the Bible!' (Talk about Humanity creating God in its own likeness!!!!)

REMEMBER, JESUS WAS A CARPENTER. HE WHO LIVES BY THE NAIL, DIES BY THE NAIL.

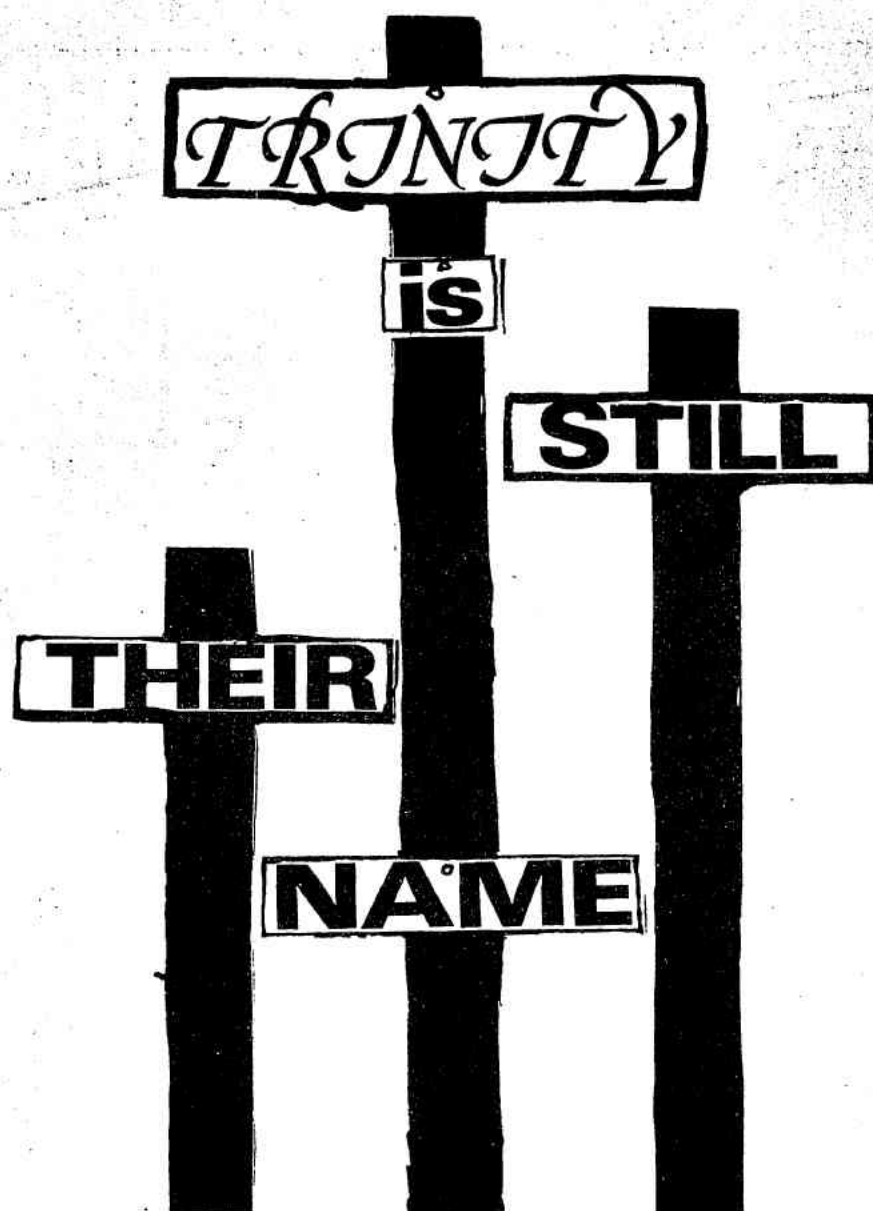
In the hushed silence of the cobwebbed cathedral, the priest murmured. Absolving souls was a quiet business. Half Marys were becoming harder to get, and the price of holy water had gone up 3c a litre. The Bishops were getting harder to please, every Sunday they went to the bike races instead of celebrating Mass. The Pope had declared a moratorium on the sale of second-hand clothes, the priest had had to sell the opportunity shop to Woolworths, and for only half what it was worth which wasn't even enough to buy a new pair of spectacles for bingo nights. There wasn't even enough in the poor box to pay the NCC protection money.

At that moment the clock struck six. Two threadbare nuns walked in with a large box, and set it in front of the altar. The hotel man arrived with the flagons and set them on the altar. There was no bread this Sunday, the baker hadn't been paid, but the owner of the deli had offered to lend a box of Kavli crispbread, so the host was not totally absent. Half the local junior under-fourteens arrived in shorts and jerseys, they began stripping and showering in the vestry. Mrs Perkins, the verger's wife, lit the incense with the end of her Winfield, all was ready to begin.

In the hushed silence of the cobwebbed cathedral, there had gathered a multitude of hopefuls, clutching their wishes in their prayerbooks, proffering their problems with two dollar notes. The priest turned off his television and left the confession box. He mounted the pulpit, and took a hot dog from the altar. The tamb of god turned on the spit. Taking a knife he prodded it. It was not quite done. Mrs Perkins dealt three poker hands, laying them out face down between the cross and the chalice. 'Om,' she said, and fell on her face, a true servant of Christ. The verger opened the whisky and set it before the priest. The priest leant over the prostrate figure of Mrs Perkins and flicked the switch that lit the light that read 'START IN FIVE MINUTES'.

Time passed as the lamb sizzled. The priest stubbed out his cigarette on the handrail. It was time. He slid back the cover on the pulpit, and inserted a twenty cent piece. The pulpit lit up, and began to hum. He fired the first ball. With a whir and a whir and a click click ring three numbers shot up on the scoreboard high up above the statue of the Virgin. The congregation rose, leafed through their books and began to sing. "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," The priest fired the second ball. Beside the altar on a panel of the Last Supper, three letters came up. Four members of the congregation who had Bibles marked with these letters rose and rushed forward, falling on their faces before the altar. They were the chosen ones. The others sang, "Casting down thy golden crown upon the glassy sea". The priest fired the third ball. The rack of spears, swords, knives, daggers and axes above the altar began to spin. The congregation sang.

"Cherubim and Seraphim, falling down before thee", The priest drew himself up to his full height, and chanted. "Place your bets. Place your bets. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, place your bets." The nuns went among the people with the collection tray and betting slips. The people prayed for their odds and rolled dice in the aisles. The four at the altar rose and taking the priest's knife took slices of flesh from the lamb and ate. Mrs Perkins opened the flagon and they passed it around. Wailing arose



from the organ as its pipes began to glow many colours, the life-size video-panorama of the Life of Jesus moved around the walls, high in the ceiling the roof opened letting in a shaft of sunlight that struck the Christ above the altar which waved its arms and began to drip blood onto Mrs Perkins' hanky as the organ swelled bigger and bigger until it burst into the final verse as the priest fired the fourth ball.

With a whir and a whir and a click click ring, round and round it went. The rack up above slowly stopped spinning. Sweat broke from the brow of the priest as he strained against the pulpit, his thumbs twitching frantically on the flippers. The ball spun around the face of Jesus, in and out of the Gates of Hell, 10,000 points for touching the right hand of God, another 10,000 lit the light on the Holy Trinity, the priest was hanging on — he took a mouthful of his whisky, another 10,000 . . .

In the distance the congregation was still singing. "Who wert and art and, (breath) evermore shall be." . . . the priest flipped the ball again, and YES! 666,000 points. The light on the front of the pulpit lit up - 1 FREE COMMUNION. The congregation cheered as the nuns passed out the flagons and pieces of lamb on Kavli crispbread. The priest turned and threw a glass of whisky over his left shoulder at the four before the altar. It hit Mr Stevens, the butcher, who returned to his seat. The remaining three stepped forward and took up the three poker hands. Silence fell as the priest moved to read them. Mrs Violet, the stenographer, had three aces and two queens. She was the chosen one. The priest handed her a flagon which she poured over his head. She stepped onto the altar, the rack swung to a stop, reaching up she pulled a lever. A bell sounded and lit the sign above the cross that read — GET THIS. A long sabre fell from the rack, impaling her to the table. The priest moved forward and took a card from her hand and held it up to the congregation. It was the ace of spades. Those with ace of spades betting slips rushed forward to divide up the collection money. The priest took the remains of the lamb from the spit and dropped it into the coffin that stood at the foot of the altar, which then descended through the floor.

"Amen," sang the congregation. "Blessed are the meek, for they are stupid," intoned the priest. "They shall inherit nothing."

"Amen," sang the congregation. The junior under-fourteens marched in with the chook raffle. "For it is easier for a rich man to light his Camel through the eye of a needle, than for a gambler to keep his money", intoned the priest.

"Amen", sang the congregation. "To thee who have won, may ye find charity in thy profitings. Ye may pass the poor box on the way out, and ye may feel the need to slip a little favour to thy priest so that ye may profit again," intoned the priest. "And to thee that have lost, verily, verily, I say unto you, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, BETTER LUCK NEXT WEEK."

"AMEN", sang the congregation. The nuns moved forward and unpacked the pool table from the box in front of the altar. Mrs Perkins began selling hot dogs. Scoreboards were plucked from the backs of hymn books. The priest chalked his cue and went down to the multitude to teach, exhorting them — BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS, OR YE SHALL BE RIPPED OFF.

Neville Boring.

FADED RELIC PAGE

The Evidence for the Resurrection

WHAT do we find when the accounts of the events in question, contained in the three Synoptic Gospels, are compared together? In the oldest there is a simple, straightforward statement which, for anything that I have to urge to the contrary, may be exactly true. In the other two there is, round this possible and probable nucleus, a mass of accretions of the most questionable character.

The cruelty of death by crucifixion depended very much upon its lingering character. If there were a support for the weight of the body, as not unfrequently was the practice, the pain during the first hours of the infliction was not, necessarily, extreme; nor need any serious physical symptoms at once arise from the wounds made by the nails in the hands and feet, supposing they were nailed, which was not invariably the case. When exhaustion set in, and hunger, thirst, and nervous irritation had done their work, the agony of the sufferer must have been terrible; and the more terrible that, in the absence of any effectual disturbance of the machinery of physical life, it might be prolonged for many hours, or even days. Temperate, strong men, such as were the ordinary Galilean peasants, might live for several days on the cross. It is necessary to bear these facts in mind when we read the account contained in the fifteenth chapter of the second Gospel.

Jesus was crucified at the third hour (xv, 25), and the narrative seems to imply that he died immediately after the ninth hour (v. 34). In this case, he would have been crucified only six hours; and the time spent on the cross cannot have been much longer, because Joseph of Arimathaea must have gone to Pilate, made his preparations, and deposited the body in the rock-cut tomb before sunset, which at that time of the year, was about the twelfth hour. That any one should die after only six hours' crucifixion could not have been at all in accordance with Pilate's large experience of the effects of that method of punishment. It, therefore, quite agrees with what might be expected, that Pilate 'marvelled if he were already dead' and required to be satisfied on this point by the testimony of the Roman officer who was in command of the execution party. Those who have paid attention to the extraordinarily difficult question, 'What are the indisputable signs of death?'—will be able to estimate the value of the opinion of a rough soldier on such a subject, even if his report to the Procurator were in no wise affected by the fact that the friend of Jesus, who anxiously awaited his answer, was a man of influence and of wealth.

The inanimate body, wrapped in linen, was deposited in a spacious, cool rock chamber, the entrance of which was closed, not by a well-fitting door, but by a stone rolled against the opening, which would of course allow free passage of air. A little more than thirty-six hours afterwards (Friday, 6 p.m., to Sunday, 6 a.m., or a little after) three women visit the tomb and find it empty. And they are told by a young man 'arrayed in a white robe' that Jesus is gone to his native country of Galilee, and that the disciples and Peter will find him there.

Thus it stands, plainly recorded, in the oldest tradition that, for any evidence to the contrary, the sepulchre may have been emptied at any time during the Friday or Saturday nights. If it is said that no Jew would have violated the Sabbath by taking the former course, it is to be recollected that Joseph of Arimathaea might well be familiar with that wise and liberal interpretation of the fourth commandment, which permitted works of mercy to men . . . on the Sabbath. At any rate, the Saturday night was free to the most scrupulous of observers of the Law.

These are the facts of the case as stated by the oldest extant narrative of them. I do not see why any one should have a word to say against the inherent probability of that narrative; and, for my part, I am quite ready to accept it as an historical fact that so much and no more is positively known of the end of Jesus of Nazareth. On what grounds can a reasonable man be asked to believe any more? So far as the narrative in the first Gospel, on the one hand, and those in the third Gospel and the Acts, on the other, go beyond what is stated in the second Gospel, they are hopelessly discrepant with one another. And this is the more significant because the pregnant phrase 'some doubted', in the first Gospel, is ignored in the third.

But it is said that we have the witness Paul speaking to us directly in the Epistles. There is little doubt that we have, and a very singular witness he is. According to his own showing, Paul, in the vigour of his manhood, with every means of becoming acquainted, at first hand, with the evidence of eye-witnesses, not merely refused to credit them, but 'persecuted the Church of God and made havoc of it'. The reasoning of Stephen fell dead upon the acute intellect of this zealot for the traditions of his fathers . . . and when, at the words 'Behold, I see the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God', the murderous mob rushed upon and stoned the rapt disciple of Jesus, Paul ostentatiously made himself their official accomplice.

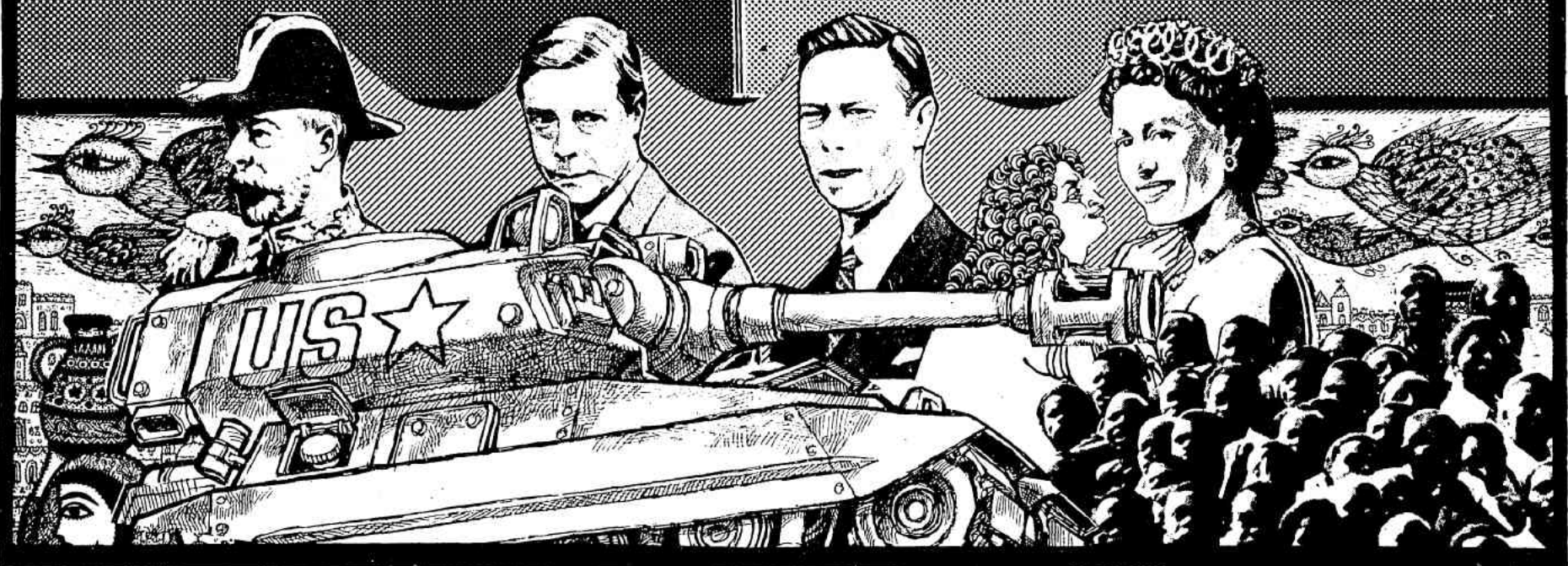
Yet this strange man, because he has a vision one day, at once, and with equally headlong zeal, flies to the opposite pole of opinion. And he is most careful to tell us that he abstained from any re-examination of the facts.

'Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood; neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were Apostles before me; but I went away into Arabia.' (Galatians i, 16, 17.)

I do not presume to quarrel with Paul's procedure. If it satisfied him, that was his affair; and if it satisfies any one else, I am not called upon to dispute the right of that person to be satisfied. But I certainly have the right to say that it would not satisfy me in like case; that I should be very much ashamed to pretend that it could, or ought to, satisfy me; and that I can entertain but a very low estimate of the value of the evidence of people who are to be satisfied in this fashion, when questions of objective fact, in which their faith is interested, are concerned. So that when I am called upon to believe a great deal more than the oldest Gospel tells me about the final events of the history of Jesus on the authority of Paul (I Corinthians xv, 5-8), I must pause. Did he think it, at any subsequent time, worth while 'to confer with flesh and blood', or in modern phrase, to re-examine the facts for himself? or was he ready to accept anything that fitted in with his preconceived ideas? Does he mean, when he speaks of all the appearances of Jesus after the Crucifixion as if they were of the same kind, that they were all visions, like the manifestation to himself? And, finally, how is this account to be reconciled with those in the first and third Gospels—which, as we have seen, disagree with one another?

Until these questions are satisfactorily answered, I am afraid that, so far as I am concerned, Paul's testimony cannot be seriously regarded, except as it may afford evidence of the state of traditional opinion at the time at which he wrote, say between 55 and 60 A.D.; that is, more than twenty years after the event; a period much more than sufficient for the development of any amount of mythology about matters of which nothing was really known.

T. H. HUXLEY 1889



BAKUNIN

THE CHURCH AND THE STATE

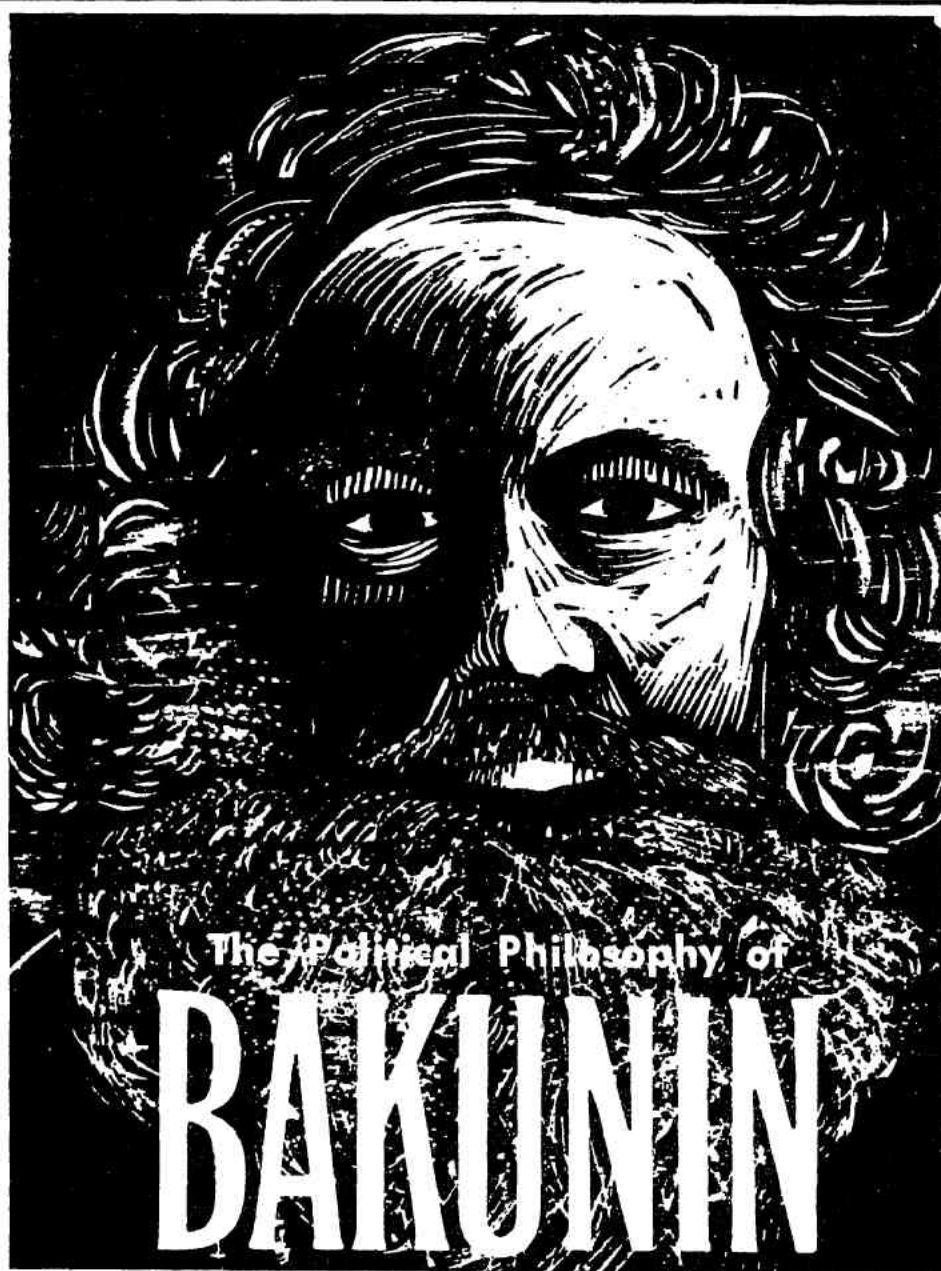
Within our own State, religion continues to play a major part, it occasionally explodes into gross acts of moral terrorism, such as the Festival of Light cum Mary Whitehouse and New Zealand Abortion Law campaigns.

The following article examines Mikhail Bakunin's thought on religion and the State, and how it relates to contemporary circumstances.

The State and the Church, as institutions of government are based on the power and authority of their elites, over the mass of the people. Both, as institutions serve only to oppress by means of the conditioning of individuals. The oppression of the church is manifested covertly in the perpetuation of the kinds of moral standards by which minorities may be oppressed, the state overtly enforces that oppression. Bakunin wrote, "Beginning with the crass fetishists who worshipped in the world surrounding them the action of a supernatural power embodied in some material object, all peoples have believed and still believe in the existence of some kind of divinity." Clearly, he discounted out of hand religion of any kind. He develops his thesis of religion and the state to conclude that, "The State . . . is the youngest brother of the Church."

Bakunin traces the development of primitive religion, by way of a precondition for his investigation he affirms that there is nothing more ancient or universal than absurdity. Religion being absurdity, it therefore has historically determined that 'truth', although fervently sought, has been located in the realms of superstition, and been dictated by those in power and authority. The continued existence of religion is based on the inevitable fear and loathing people have for their human condition, consequently their reason can never transcend their essential primitiveness, even during so-called Ages of Enlightenment. This fear he equates with " . . . the perception of supreme influence and . . . absolute dependence."

This absolute state of dependence is that same one as experienced by animals. The difference being to Bakunin that humans use their power of reflective thought to distort a gut reaction such as fear of the unexplained into gross hokery-pokery, " . . . we have never heard of animals worshipping an inoffensive piece of wood, a dish-cloth, a bone or a stone, whereas we find that practice in the primitive religion . . . and even in Catholicism." Even 'industrial' human beings of Bakunin's nineteenth century, and we of the twentieth are "still surrounded by sorcerers . . . and priests of the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox churches who pretend to have the power of compelling God, with the aid of a few mysterious formulas, to enter into 'holy' water or to become transubstantiated into bread and wine." This complex divinity may of itself be merely a harmless pretence, if it were not for its essential power-role in the



bourgeois state. Bakunin's analysis of the development of Church and State is not scientific, it is riddled with inaccuracy and shows a certain misunderstanding of the role of material (i.e. economic forces. Worth considering however are the certain comparisons he draws between the philosophies of power and authority in both the Church and the State, and their effect on those oppressed by them.

Consider his description of the Christian God. It is " . . . egoistical and vain, it loves flattery, genuflections, the humiliation and immolation of human beings, their adoration and sacrifices—and it cruelly persecutes and punishes those who don't want to submit to its

will. . . This, as is known, is the basic feature of divine nature in all the past and present gods created by human unreason. Did there ever exist in the world a being more atrociously jealous, vain, bloody and egoistic than the Jewish Jehovah, or God, the Father of the Christians?" Fabricated by the human mind, God seeks to harm if he is not pleased. He shows mercy if he is flattered. (Would you speak to someone like that?) God, to Bakunin, is the ultimate abstraction from reality, 'God' is a thing created by human beings to explain the sum total of all their conceptual and imagined experience. Their perceptions of the diversity and magnitude of the universe become symbolis-

ed in the incomprehensible unity and power of the Godhead. In appealing to the authority of their own creation, human beings abnegate the use of their own reason. The reinforce their own oppression by treating an imagined authority as real. Religion " . . . radically changes the nature of (human powers and qualities). . . it falsifies and corrupts them, giving them a direction that is diametrically opposed to their original trend."

With this in mind, Bakunin sees Christianity as the 'perfect' religion. It manifests the most acute form of the oppression and debasement of people for the benefit of humanity. Being incomprehensible, the will of God requires interpreters — priests, prophets, teachers — a privileged power elite. The understanding of this necessary condition of religious 'establishment' leads Bakunin to his major point, that is " . . . Slaves of God, men must also be slaves of the Church and the State, in so far as the latter is consecrated by the Church. Of all the religions that existed and still exist, Christianity was the only one that understood this fact perfectly." Although this statement is somewhat general, Bakunin is justifiably emphasizing the history the Roman Catholic, Eastern and Protestant Churches have of oppressive and bloodthirsty statecraft. He concludes this section of his thought thus — "The existence of God implies the abdication of human reason and justice; it is the negation of human liberty and it necessarily ends in both theoretical and practical slavery."

Religion aims at teaching resignation and submission. A resigned and acquiescent populace will serve the best interests of a purposeful oligarchical state. If the reason by which people recognise and subsequently seek to remove the causes of their oppression can be successfully weakened, the ruling class of the state remains secure. Human reason ceases to be productive. Within the established oligarchical state, religion " . . . destroys the productive power in people by inculcating disdain for earthly life in comparison with celestial beatitude and indoctrinating them with the idea that work is a curse or a deserved punishment while idleness is a divine privilege. Religions kill in man the idea of justice that strict guardian of . . . peace, ever tipping the balance on the side of the strongest, who are always the privileged objects of divine solitude, grace and benediction. And finally, religion destroys in men their humanity, replacing it in their hearts

with divine cruelty."

Bakunin does not allow the believer to escape from this criticism with the argument that it is not the religions which are cruel and oppressive, rather it is the cruelty of certain men who have distorted them, which we observe. Because, to Bakunin this malpractice *is* religion, the use of a code of 'ethics' by a certain elite to obtain and hold power *is* religion. The little groups of sincere believers who appeal to the Beatitudes (Blessed are the peacemakers, etc. etc.) and go to church each Sunday are rather irrelevant to the criticisms he makes. The moral code of our particular deviant form of Western society is vaguely based on the Epistles of St Paul in the New Testament. This is at least true for those values which denigrate, or refuse to recognise the existence of women as equal beings, homosexuals, and the equal standing of racial minorities. The ideas of why these things are 'bad' and 'wrong', and of what is instead 'good' and 'decent' and 'right', will be found (more or less) in various places in the writings of Paul. A moral code which refuses to accept the rights of minorities is an ideal one upon which to build and maintain a state. To any such state, an active minority group is a political threat. Its suppression is invoked in the name of the majority, and its rights. Or rather, in the name of what is 'right' for the majority — for its members are too ignorant, or too privileged to feel the pain of being 'wrong'. It is this pernicious notion of 'rightness', upon which a state can base itself to the detriment of all those who differ with it, that is 'religion' in the political sense, and in the sense that Bakunin condemns it.

"For as long as the masses of the people are sunk in religious superstition,

they will always be a pliable instrument in the hands of all despotic powers leagued against the emancipation of humanity."

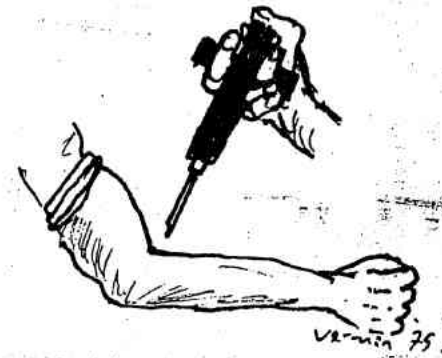
The purpose of the Social Revolution, as Bakunin saw it, was to give people a human existence, because "religion . . . (has a) special character of a natural, living, powerful protest on the part of the masses against their narrow and wretched lives. . . . The people go to church as they go to a pot-house, in order to stupefy themselves, to forget their misery, to see themselves as . . . free and happy, as happy as others, the well-to-do people." Thus Bakunin comes to his point, to remove the cause of suffering, to remove the impulse to religion and other forms of self-annihilation, one must seek the removal of the state.

In preserving 'liberty', the state must abolish it. Like religion, the doctrine of the state is an abstraction, it sets up its own creation, the 'good of the people'. It then defends it at their expense. The 'good of the people', like 'the will of God', in reality represents the interests of the dominant class.

The ". . . State is like a vast slaughterhouse, and an enormous cemetery (under the shadow of which) . . . all the living forces of a country, are sanctimoniously immolated and interred." Bakunin considers the identical nature of the Church and the State illustrated in the fact that they are both based upon the notions of the 'wickedness' of people, and on the belief that people can be (and ought to be) transformed from this condition. In the case of the Church this takes place by religious conversion — the death of the 'natural man' in God. Man is exhorted to be like a saint. In the case of the State it takes place by conformity to the Law — the

death of the 'natural man' for the greater good of the majority. Man is exhorted to be a citizen. (I use the word 'man' in the generic sense, as is used in the doctrines of Church and State.) "Let us examine it more closely. What does the State represent? The sum of negations of the individual liberties of all its members; or the sum of sacrifices which all of its members make in renouncing a part of their liberty for the common good . . . the freedom of everyone is the limit, or rather the natural negation of the freedom of all the others." Which means that, if the expanding of one's consciousness goes beyond the predetermined bounds the State lays down, then one's liberty must be curtailed — because it threatens that reservoir of 'safe' liberty which remains within those bounds. Which is why you can't have an abortion openly and safely, why you can't love someone of the same sex, and why ASIO will soon be able to tap your phone, open your mail and have you locked away, to name a few instances. Such is the myth of universal suffrage as the guarantor of freedom. A "republican State, based upon universal suffrage, could be exceedingly despotic, even more despotic than a monarchic (by which Bakunin means an absolutist monarchic) State, when, under the pretext of representing the will of everyone, it bears down upon the will and the free movement of every one of its members with the whole weight of its collective power."

Congratulations, dear government of ours, your actions have a great historical heritage. Considering the context of Bakunin's writing, you have a varied ancestry — your predecessors include Tsarist Russia, Imperial Germany and the France of Napoleon III.



It is this kind of State which Bakunin aimed to abolish — the principles behind which still govern the States of today. And within our own context, religion continues to play a major part. It occasionally explodes into gross and explicit acts of moral terrorism, such as the Festival of Light cum Mary Whitehouse cum New Zealand Abortion Laws campaign. We recently had to endure the excretal moral outpourings of hopelessly bucolic, sanctimonious *male* parliamentarians, over the Lusher Motion. The M.P. who spoke for the motion and claimed that he did not stand there 'with my mitre and crozier', did in fact, do exactly that — whether he himself was particularly religious or not. A priest of the repressive religious society does not always appear in robes. The cassock has long since given way to the business suit. But the values of the cassock remain — and we can thank christ for them. "Unless we desire slavery, we cannot make the slightest concession to theology . . . for anyone who wants to worship God must renounce his (or her) liberty and human dignity.

God exists: hence man is a slave. Man is intelligent, just, free; hence God does not exist. We defy anyone to avoid this circle; and now let all choose."

Chris Keats.

ANU FORMS A....?

The Australian National University has recently moved into the field of Morality Research. The Centre for Morality Studies will be part of the History of Ideas Unit, in the Research School of Social Sciences. Professor D.S. Arndt will head the new centre. The idea behind the new centre came from Mary Whitehouse, the British morals campaigner, during her Australian visit. She spoke to Professor

Arndt about new facts discovered in Britain relating to the generation of moral fibres in Western societies. British theologians, working with a group of Evangelical Biochemists have discovered the location of the soul using sociological data. This problem — the same one which baffled Rene Descartes and his followers for centuries — has been solved by uncovering information relating to the latent tendencies of the affluent middle classes to agitate for social influence during periods of economic recession.

The soul has been found to lie in the bottom layers of these classes, and it is this soul which when exposed to religious radiation (known as Festival of Light) will generate the moral fibres so badly lacking in our society today.

During his recent visit, Prince Charles spoke of the need for such fibres. Professor Arndt has received a large grant from the Festival of Light and the National Civic Council to initiate his research, which he said "will make people wake up to themselves", and stop the need for "agitators and radicals" to ". . . take up the cudgels against the Establishment of Church and State, to protest in the name of conscience and humanity against some course of action that is recommended by experts and accepted by majority opinion. . ." (Canberra Times, April 4, 1979) Festival of Radiators have been moved into the Research School. The academic world waits eagerly for the first little tendril to emerge from the small segment of society that has been prepared.

This could be a new beginning for mankind — a new boost for progress.

- truncated moral fibres emerge after exposure to 'Festival of Light' ¹
- the affluent middle class
- layers of society
- The Church Tissues, ² when exposed to Festival of Light exert push and pull on the soul, expanding and retracting it, opening space for emergence of fibre
- a parasite, 'minority', organism, often generated in layers of society after exposure to Festival of Light.
- The Deposits of Money ³, groups of cells which provide nourishment for soul during gestation period of fibre.

FOOTNOTES

1. Form of radiation discovered by Dmitri Festivalof, a Russian chemist, used by him to induce growth of hairs on cow-dung.
2. Discovered by Dr Pancreas Church, Cambridge University, 1903
3. First located by Prof. Hendrik Money, a Swedish biologist, in 1957. Later found to be essential to the functioning of the Church Tissues, and highly stimulated by doses of Festivalof Light.



- the Islands of Arndt, group of cells that react on nervous impulse, transmit instructions to growth centre in the soul. Sets up a hormonal imbalance, inducing generation of fibre
- location of the soul, forms moral fibres, secretes hormone which opens layers of society, allowing fibre to emerge

Presidential Rumblings

Why do the *Woroni* editors call my column "Presidential Rumblings"? Why do they put such strange graphics on the same page?

Unanswerable questions: the mysteries surrounding the rites of *Woroni* editors are manifold, and their arcane rituals are seldom revealed.

What is happening? Many important things:

- a budget cut in S.G.S.
- a workloads and assessment campaign
- a newly elected paid, full-time activist (we trust)

- agitation over, the Union, provision of a women's room and meeting facilities.

The implications of the budget cut are far reaching. Every Faculty, every department, will have to justify itself to the Board's Resources Committee. The Students' Association can, though its representation on the Board of the School, play an influential part in the process. In fact, we will be in a position to exert some pressure on previously intransigent Departments to become more attractive to students and valuable to the university.

Opposed to our notions of what is desirable in a university course will be the amassed data and argument of such Faculties as Economics, which has for much of last year employed a research assistant to tabulate Failure and Waste data from the Faculties of Arts and Economics. In a time of financial hardship, the Economics department expends university resources to bolster its faltering image and consolidate its rivalry with the Arts Faculty (for such a survey, surely, is conducive to nothing more valuable than petty rivalry).

The Steering Committee of the Board (on which I represent students) has discussed the budget cut over its last few meetings.

Important questions of principle are being thrashed out at these meetings. The primary question at present is how to evaluate the standard of any particular unit. Some of the measures proposed — failure rates, workloads — seem unjustifiable. High workloads or failure rates do not mean that



the units concerned "weed out" less able students. To proceed on the premise that the university should take students and certify a small percentage as suitably trained, without regard to the actual process of learning, is mistaken. Ideally, every student should pass all units s/he studies, because the standard of teaching will be such that s/he will, by the end of the course, have attained a high degree of competence in that subject. It is wrong to assume, even before a class has met, that a certain percentage will not "make the grade". No matter what admission standards are applied, sufficient attention to effective teaching will ensure that all students who want to learn that subject, and apply themselves accordingly, will become competent in the subject.

Some units with growing enrolments and low failure rates have been singled out and

criticised as "soft-options". Could not an alternative conclusion be drawn thus: some units are interesting, challenging and provocatively taught. These units attract growing numbers of students. Because the teaching is of high quality and motivation among students is high, many students gain sufficient knowledge and expertise to meet the standards of the unit and pass the course. Consequently, failure rates are low.

Indeed, I resent (on behalf of all students) the implication that students will choose a particular course because failure rates are low. Students are concerned primarily with learning and studying those subjects which interest them. It is not coincidental that units which do operate with a "weed 'em out", high fail, concentration on exams as the only valid means of assessment, philosophy are not attractive to students — such mechanical attitudes from the Gradgrinds of academe reflect not only a fundamental lack of compassion, but probably boring, mechanical and archaic courses.

Educational philosophy is presently under rigorous examination in this university. The debate on how best to ensure adequate teaching is a continuing one, and *Woroni* will assuredly accept contributions on the matter. In assessing the work of any department, I believe that its failure rate should be considered — a high failure rate indicating low student satisfaction and therefore low teaching standards. More importantly, though, the calibre of students who complete courses with a department, their scholarship and subsequent distinction, could be examined. Additionally, the popularity of a unit among students is one of the most reliable guides to the effectiveness of the teaching, and the interest generated by lecturers. There can be no effective learning within a system which regards the students as a product which must, at the end of each year, be date-stamped and marked "approved" or "failed". Students are not electrical components, refrigerators or toy cars: every student can, and should, participate in and benefit from the teaching process.

an open letter

to all members of academic staff in the School of General Studies.

Dear Friends (if I may use that address)

The Students' Association intends in 1979 to examine the principles and philosophy of the assessment and workload systems currently operating in this university. We believe that many staff, as well as students, are being unduly penalised by the heavy workloads in many units. Research work, or just time in which to relax or think, is curtailed by having to mark reams of written work. The marker suffers, as does the student who is forced to submit many thousands of words in the course of any one year. The problem will not be solved by a return to examinations as the sole means of assessment: replacing an onerous system with a stressful and inequitable system is no solution.

As I commented in an earlier article, a student can be assessed as well on 7,000 words as on 20,000. If some more standard approach to workloads could be adopted within the School, or if at least some tentative proposals for reducing workloads where necessary could be aired, the entire question would be easier for us to examine. The Students' Association does not believe it would be in conflict with academic staff in any workloads campaign, and would appreciate and welcome any input from staff on workloads or related matters.

The question should not be confined to assessment workloads. There should be an examination of how many contact hours, how much laboratory or tutorial work, how many lectures, are necessary to adequately teach students. I personally believe that there should be far more time available for private study and for assimilation of lecture material (and less diffuse lectures). If a student has no time for thought about any matters not strictly related to her/his field of study, the s/he will be less able to benefit from or apply that knowledge. Moreover, a university student should be able to become involved with the whole of university life, not merely with academic study.

The administrative problems associated with assessment occupy overmuch time. Have any suggestions as to reduction of administrative time been mooted? If so, could the Students' Association be informed?

Information, communication: these are important. I urge all members of staff who read this to seriously consider the question of workloads, and contact the Students' Association.

Yours,
Stephen Bartos
A.N.U.S.A. President.



TRUE CONFESSIONS

Shock

Probe

DATURA

HORROR

Following in the great tradition of the Health Benefits Associations handbook on 'Drugs of Addiction and You' we present an actual case history of one persons experience with the common garden plant, DATURA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! now, read on.....

In the beginning there were these two young bored high school brats. It was the evening of the sixth day, a destitute Saturday evening in an inner city suburb of Sydney.

"Want to do something exciting, different?"

"Oh? . . . yeah."

"I heard about this garden plant down at school, datura or trumpet lillies it's called. Give you a really weird hit if you boil the flowers and drink the water. I know where there is a plant."

"OK . . . let's go have some."

Hurried whisperings on a dark harbour side lawn. There is the smell of oil. "Shit man, there's no flowers, must be the wrong time of year."

"Just take the stalks and the leaves, something might happen."

An hour later in their boarding house one room hovel they sit drinking and listening to the hacking of the tubercular old man residing next door.

"Urrr Uukk! This stuff tastes horrible. I hope we don't make too much noise, these walls are paper thin."

"Ha, so are the cockroaches."

"Perhaps we ought to go across to the park."

"What . . . what did you say? Ummmmmm I don't think I should have drunk that stuff so quickly."

Within minutes the speedie drinker finds himself unable to comprehend his friend's conversation even though he can still hear him. Ten minutes and he is unable to move. Fifteen minutes brings almost total blindness.

"C'mon get up off the floor, I don't feel anything. We'd better go across to the park."

The punk on the floor cannot get up, he is too busy feeling the threads of light wafting across his hands, the old black and white T.V. picture is rapidly turning to colour,

filling up more than half the available space in the room. It is nearly midnight, the beginning of the seventh day. This was to be a rest day from reality.

Fed up, the conscious half of the pair picks up the prone body of his associate. After falling down two flights of concrete stairs and across a road the brats reach the relative safety of the park. One of them falls into an immediate coma under a knotted hundred year old tree. The other wanders off towards the harbour and some cliffs. He makes some vague assurances to return but does not.

Several hours later a police van patrolling encounters a body, nothing unusual.

"Looks like we got ourselves another drunk, Crispin."

"Naw you dope, it's a kid, and he ain't got no colour in his eyes, 'cept black."

"Better just take him down to the hospital I guess. Tell the drug

squad I suppose, not that they'll be able to get much from him by the looks of it."

"What kind of dream is this?" he asks himself as he wakes up in a hospital casualty.

"Excuse me, er. . . matron, but this is a dream isn't it?"

"No," she replies dryly, "what have you taken?" He tells her but she does not seem to take it in.

"What have you taken?" rebounds again as she approaches with a loaded syringe.

"I told you and you'd lie to me anyway if you were part of this dream, it must be a dream. . . . you're not pumping me full of any of that shit, I don't take drugs . . . at last a dream in which I'm in control . . . I'm God!"

Dexterously he kicks the syringe out of the matron's hands and leaps astride the bed and a medicine cabinet. He realises simultaneously that he has superhuman strength and that he is wearing nothing but his underpants.

Neither of these things matter so much since it's all his own dream inside his own head, which means, he might as well enjoy it! He does, and kicks an attendant and another nurse in the head while laughing maniacally. The hospital staff soon realise that the 'imagined' strength of a madperson is almost as bad as any temporal strength they may have had. So, to prevent any untoward deification the patient is duly dispatched to the nearest mental institution.

"PATIENT UNCONTROLLABLE. SUSPECT BRAIN DAMAGE."

"We can't have this," said the Doctor.

Into an ambulance screaming red through the night to institutions nobody remembers but which he can't forget. Their white walls open on to horizons and arches, walking through which involves powdery thumps upon the head.

"Nurse, there is a dead mother and child on the bed next to me." He discusses it thoroughly with the hooded monk who comes and sits

next to him. (Trampolining is not much fun when you go through the bed springs.) Familiar faces peer at him through a wire glass window in a door which never opens, despite the

fact that he has ripped it off its hinges, been home and to school at least 16 times throughout the night.

The detective and the psychiatrist ask again, "What have you taken?"

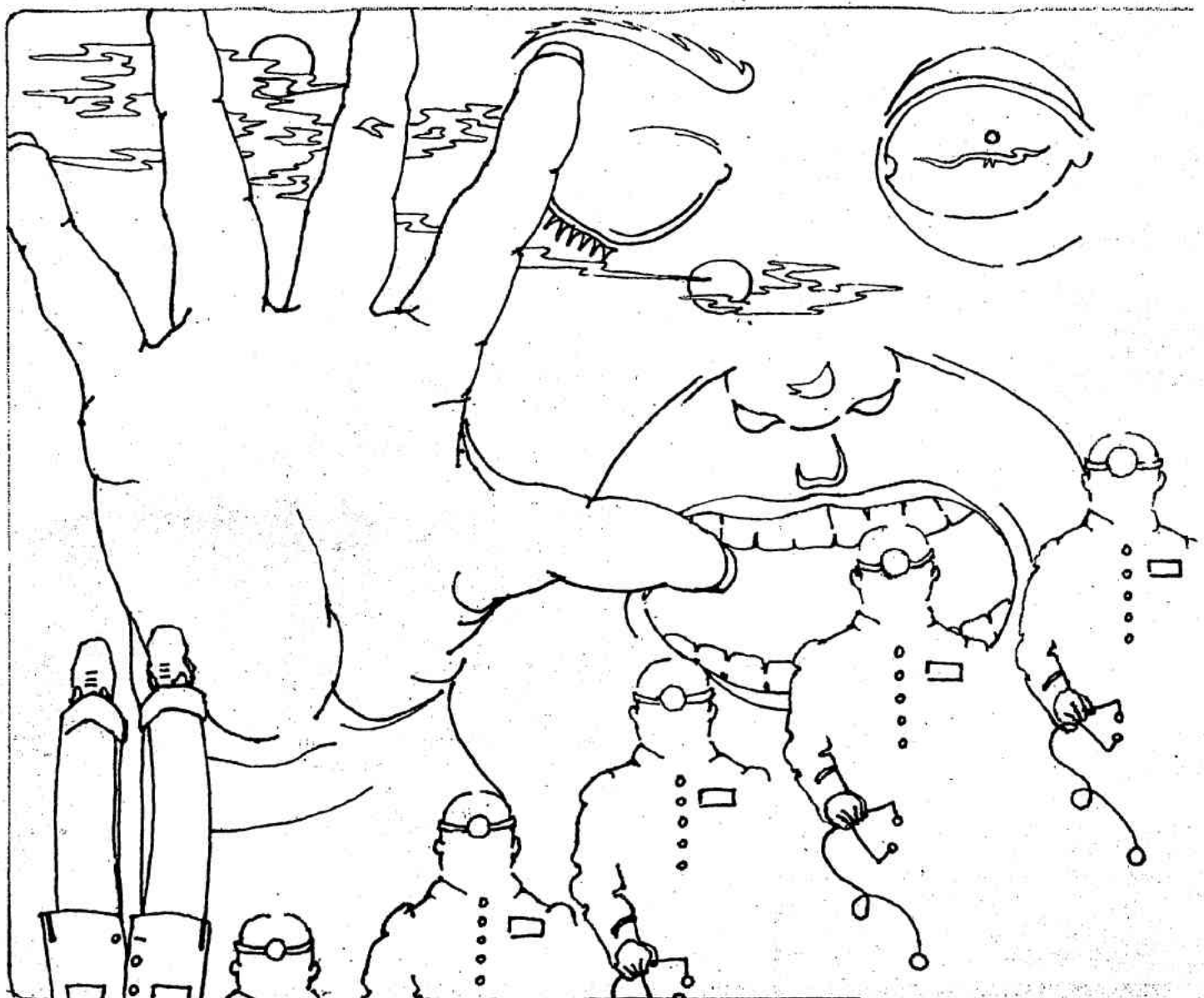
He says, "twelve hours ago I was a perfectly sane person, now I am God sitting here shooting small darts with suction cups on their ends at your foreheads. I am chain smoking imaginary cigarettes and am holding a perfectly lucid conversation with this man in the taxi beside me. Still you ask me the same question and still I give you

the same answer which you don't seem to understand. Either ask this perfectly sensible man in the taxi or I shall be forced to speak in tongues."

The psychiatrist, who is an Asian, becomes insensed when the patient starts speaking tongues and says, "I am committing you to another institution for observation for a few days."

The psychiatrist at the next institution says to the brat, "Go home, have something to eat and go to sleep." It is a pity God doesn't sleep or eat, but this one did it anyway. It was the end of the seventh day.

There is a God in all of us. By chemical or various other more legitimate means, we may release it, but for Christ's sake don't tell anybody if you do, 'cause I think it's illegal.



hallelujah !? ?

one thousand nine hundred & seventynine years, impatient ?? good, for the Lord

JOHN FRUM

speakeeth much Wisdom unto you !

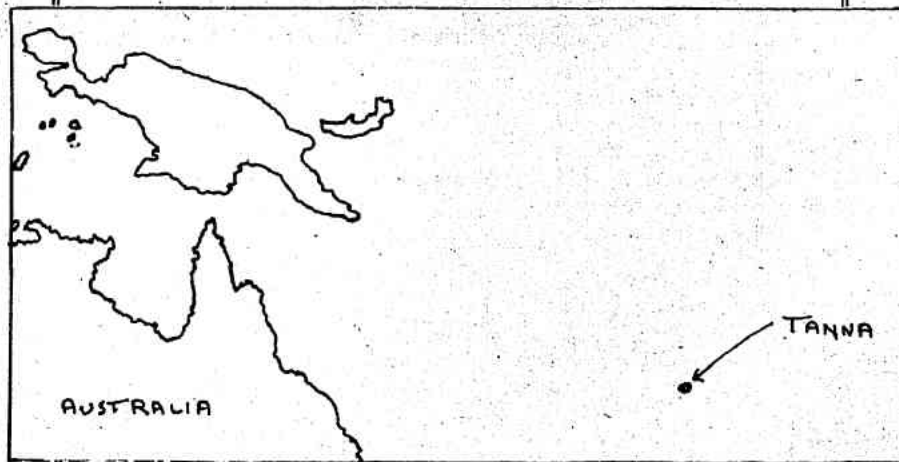
Suppose we questioned who Jesus Christ really was, don't get me wrong it's not as if I ever doubted for a second that he was . . . you know . . . sorta the son of God, from the virgin loins of a carpenter's wife (carpentry's hard work you know). Just look what his enemies said about him; "This man is truly the son of god"

So can you imagine what his fisherman friends down by the biblical docks said about him? You don't need to, they followed him everywhere, supported him in times of trouble, his veritable backbone. And those that could write did so, leaving us with a completely reliable knowledge of his daily life and inner self. (e.g. not once in his glorious thirty three years did he stoop so low as to defecate).

But I digress, it would appear that in these highly competitive times saviours are cropping up all the time. It's all so confusing; a race of saviours . . . which will come first? or will they all bomb out before the end? SO I just thought I would make my place in the field and tell you all about my saviour, who is not only better than all the others, I am totally convinced that there aren't any others . . . it's unthinkable. Don't think that I am a crank because I'm not, a lot of people think like me. JOHN FRUM is my saviour and many others, but what's more important is that he could be your saviour too!

On this one thousand nine hundred and seventy ninth anniversary of Christ's death, his promise of return and salvation are fading into the murky depths of time and the beginning of the universe, some may be thinking of getting a new basket to put their eggs in, well if you are one of these sensible people what you need is a new and modern saviour. Take JOHN FRUM, he's much more attractive than the Mechanical substitutes going around these days. Yes that's right JOHN FRUM is no refrigerator, no defrosting necessary. What's more when he comes he's not just going to bring jiry-fairy things like; inner peace, salvation, universal love and happiness, contentment and a very advanced medical system. He will give you all this and much more . . . colour television sets, automatic dishwashers, guns, money and a whole host of other shiny metallic objects that do strange and wonderful things.

Now that you're interested, let me elaborate on a few convincing miracles and even some facts about the LORD FRUM, Our saviour. Nay shall we take you back to the time which nobody remembers and about which nobody cares. Thirty-nine years ago great prophets from the legendary people of TANNA predicted the imminent arrival of the saviour to their humble but spiritual island.



Location of the Paradise: Tanna

But alas only G.I.'s turned up — Mind you they did bring some of the cargo predicted which wasn't bad for a first installment — let's face it things always work this way — It all fits in — All those shiny metallic things that did wonderful things — can't you see the plan was working — FRUM was coming.

Well after three years the G.I.'s left (Coincidence for all you unimaginative people out there) Ah well back to their families and church, I guess, what with Christmas rapidly approaching.

So 1945 passed and no FRUM came — still remembering he was only prophesised five years previously there was an understandable patience in the air. Reminding the readers that the G.I.s had been waiting one thousand nine hundred and 45 years for their inferior product. And so with a great sense of wonder and faith the people resumed their vigil . . . Do I hear sniggers amongst our smug readership? (still I will reserve my criticism of you who are middle class, complacent and make up the mediocrity of Canberra's "people"). Returning to the Holy FRUM: Alas some of the simple people of the blissful islet of TANNA turned to blasphemy, naively attempting to lure back the G.I.'s and their shiny metallic objects that did strange and wondrous things to their almost mythical hamlet, by dressing up, as best they could with paint etc., and religiously performing mock military drills with mock bamboo rifles (military).

Anthropologists sit back in their easy chairs in front of their colour T.V.s (Rivett or some particularly nice place like PoMpOsItY place) and conclude what have these ignorant savages got . . . unfulfilled prayers. Ah



The loyal followers of Frum assemble before the shiny metallic object that took this photograph in the hope that it will convince John Frum that they have returned to old and faithful ways

dearrie me these cargo cults are a block to these people's progress . . . what can be don — let's . . . ZZZ . . . wake up you slob! It's not as if these fine upstanding citizens of TANNA are constantly compromising their cobweb ridden beliefs like some religious contradictions do every day with their valium and cooking sherry. No these people are firm in their admirable beliefs. AND WHO among us can blame them; After two milleniums of suffering and distinctly unchristian times, which saviour J.F. or J.C. has the greater credibility. Think about it — I did and am completely satisfied with HER/HIS prophesies — As our religion magnifies efficiency multiplies — ASK MALCOLM !!! (Or any Friedmanite).

And so the vigil resumed. Many representatives from rival cults appeared (viz. the christians and the U.S.A.)

But our heroes saw through these lies like the experienced and learned theologians they weren't. As was made clear by a leading figure amongst the followers of FRUM in the early 70s—

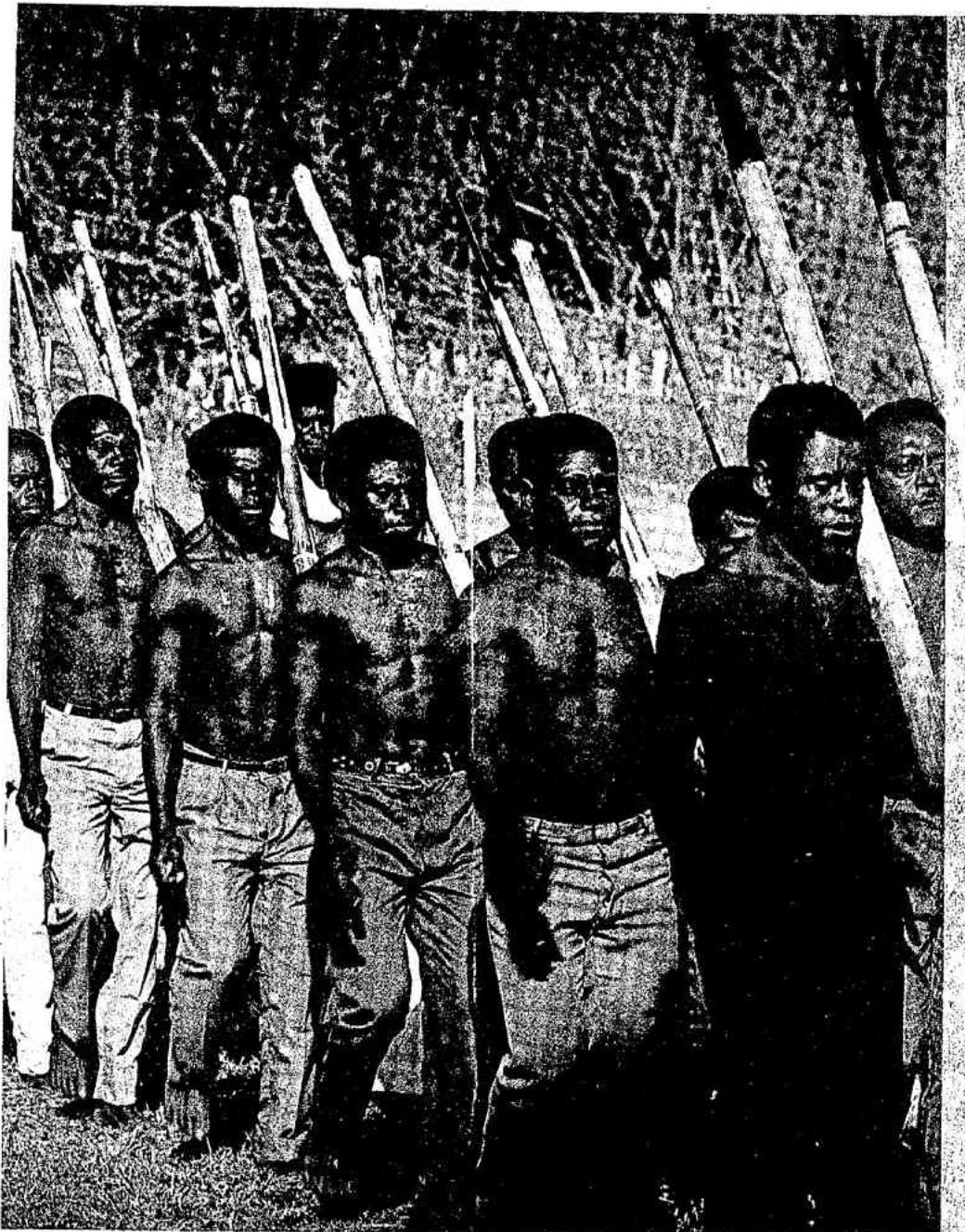
"Why should we believe in J.C. you been waiting 2000 years for him — We think JOHN FRUM come sooner." (3)

Such logic — how can you deny such sound reasoning and faith. I'm not being cynical. . . how can you be really? All you faded out decadent relics may be cynical but I've found hope hope!!! Ask an Australian (or anyone really) which is more exciting a good test-match or Mathew Ch. 1 Verse 1? The answers immediate (somewhat Nietzschean to be sure) but unavoidable. Which proves my thesis, in Frum lies the truth of our glorious age, here we are in Australia, waiting for Frum and we can't help but notice the obvious signs of his salvation in process, look about you, there, everywhere, as far as the eye can see; shiny metallic objects that do wondrous things are everywhere *and they're still coming* they're there for the taking (or buying if you're one of *those* moral shits).



A crowd gathers around these shiny metallic objects, rumoured to do strange and wonderful things by the G.I.s.

To return again to the gracious saga. In the early seventies the people of Tanna returned to their old way of life in acquiescence to the belief that Frum was angered by their pale imitations. Frum will show the way illuminated by flourescent showrooms and leading to that ultimate millenium prophesied by the visionaries of no work and endless thrills — glittering from every angle. Why can't you be—



Blasphemy as captured by a shiny metallic object that did strange and wonderful things

lieve — you don't have to sell your soul just sit back and let it happen as it surely will and troubles disappear into a great shining future of inner peace, salvation, universal love, contentment and a very advanced medical system. Don't write me off as a crank, Tanna is alive and waiting, they shall not be disappointed, the kingdom of Frum is here for the buying or stealing **TURN YOU BACK AND YOU SHALL BE IGNORED.**

References:

- (1) *Tanna Awaits the Coming of John Frum* Kal Muller Nat. Geo. May 1974
- (2) *Cargo Cults in the South Pacific* America August 1977
- (3) *John Frum* July/August L.A. Herald 1978.



A metallic object that was neither shiny nor did strange and wonderful things

Ian Mason & Richard Kleeman



Vermin '79.

wots happening

As you may or may not have noticed, my broadsheet of the same name as this column has disappeared. This is not in any way due to the severe and sometimes beastly criticisms of my spelling and grammar not to mention my choice of bands and artists! As you no doubt are aware, the union is now publishing a fortnightly rag, with the imaginative title of THE Union Newsletter, and each edition will contain a "Wot's Happening" programme for the following fortnight. But if you miss out on a copy of this literary masterpiece, you will still be able to find out what's on by reading Woroni or the A.N.U. Times, or whatever it is going to be called, providing of course, that I do not miss the cut-off date like I did last edition.

Being Easter Week, there will only be two nights of entertainment in the Union bar. However the quality remains. On Tuesday 10th April there will be one of the wildest nights Rock 'n' Roll the Union has ever seen. Topping the bill will be ROSE TATTOO. They were here in February but before 'O' Week, so most people would have missed out on that rage. However I was there and thought that I should get them back as soon as possible because they are one of the top genuine Rock and Roll bands in this country.

If you like R 'n' R and are pre-



pared to let yourself go, you won't be disappointed. Supporting ROSE TATTOO will be THE DENNIS WILSON BAND. Those people who hail from Sydney probably know this band already. If you want to listen to bubblegum rock and roll, please do not come because you will be disappointed. THE DENNIS WILSON BAND plays heavy rock and

roll. So if you want to rage, don't miss this wild night of Rock and Roll. And it's free to members because the "spectaculars" have been so successful that we have made a small profit. So if you went to the Split Enz, Borich/Geyer and Matchbox concerts not only did you get to see these excellent acts at a cheap price but you are now getting a bonus of what is virtually a free spect-

acular.

On Thursday, The JAZZ SPOT will focus on THE DAVE KAIN JAZZ TRIO. The Jazz Spot is proving to be a popular night for Jazz fans and many people have asked about the DKJ trio - so here they are. For those people you like the George Benson style of Jazz, come along, you will be pleasantly surprised by the high quality of the music. For those people who know Dave Kain and the Jazz trio, tell others so that they will enjoy them too.

Just in case you thought things were going to die off after Easter, I have arranged yet another spectacular on THURSDAY 19th APRIL. This time featuring what is regarded within the Industry as the hottest band around - THE ANGELS, and the price? Members \$3, Non-members \$5 and remember, I will be using the profits to put on free nights later on. So be early, but please do not sit down in front of the stage as you are likely to be hurt by people wanting to dance.

Coming attractions -

Tuesday 24th April - THE HITMEN and Mental as Anything.
Thursday 26th April - THE OLD DOGS
Friday 27th April - QUASAR and HOT SUMMERS DAY
Tuesday 1st May - AYERS ROCK

STEP BY STEP GUIDE TO IMMORTALITY

First of all a few corrections arising from my last article:

- 1) I have never seen any lakes in Berkeley it was a LAB (but few can read my tortured handwriting)
- 2) Column 3 has a chunk missed out between brackets: for [a suspension back for storage] read [a suspension team flies from Berkeley, suspends you in Australia and flies you back for long term storage]
3. Ignore that cross - it was put in by the editors (curse! curse!) and has caused endless bother with people assuming that I am some sort of freaked out (super cool?) Christian.

Maybe I am getting pedantic - I LOVED the cartoon - endless thanks to Mr Vermin who sent me the original - may you live forever, sir.

So dear reader this is how you go about preparing for immortality:

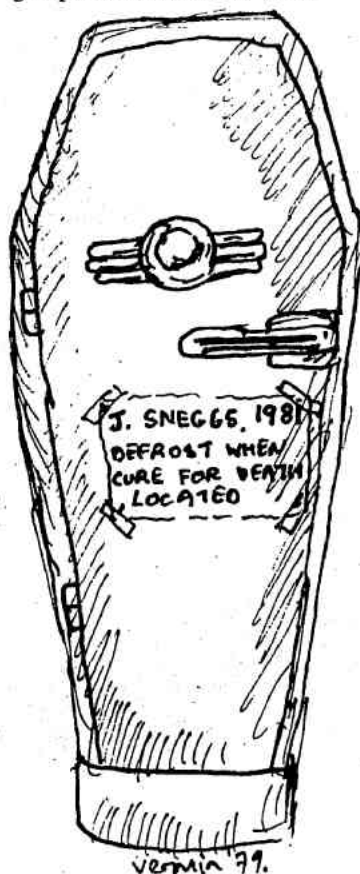
1. SEE ME - charming intellectual (and listed in the A.N.U. Scientist as a delinquent). I reside in South 34 Bruce Hall where I can explain the subject in far greater detail than here. I usually sport a little button reading: "I am an IMMORTALIST" which leads to many strange looks and questions as to why I would wish to advertise the fact that I am IMMORAL - (if you want a button I will get one for you).
2. GET INSURED: This should not cost too much especially if you are young: basically there are two types of life insurance a) Whole Life: which you can tailor to your exact needs i.e. do you want coverage for accidental incapacitation? Whole life policies have cash in value and may be used to cover your entire lifespan.

- b) Term Life: consists of insurance only and has no cash in value - generally a term policy will only cover you to age 65 or so therefore if you live longer and have no alternative policy - TOUGH! but it is cheap.

I have a term policy covering me for \$40,000 which costs \$83 per year until I reach 30 (it then starts climbing steeply). Term life is good if one is poor and young but I suggest taking out a whole life policy as soon as possible.

3. JOIN A CRYONICS SOCIETY: Cryonics societies are composed of individuals who all intend to be cryonically suspended (one "donates" ones body to the society upon legal death) they act as your guardians whilst you are in suspension and contract with commercial firms which carry out the suspension and store you. They are the best guarantee that people in suspension will be cared for over long periods of time. The best set up Cryonics Societies (in my opinion) are the Bay Area Cryonics Society (B.A.C.S.) based in the San Francisco region and the Alcor Society for Life Extension in Los Angeles. Both of these groups have contracted with Trans Time Inc. of Berkeley (surely one of the world's most unusual corporations at present) which suspends and stores members upon their legal death. To become a (suspension) member in say B.A.C.S. requires payment of \$1,000 on joining and yearly dues of \$70. At present I am setting up an Australian Cryonics Society and [N.G. this is not a promise - just a possibility] may be able to offer a greatly reduced mem-

bership fee for a limited period. After incorporating what will be known as the "Cryonics Association of Australia" there is the possibility of getting equipment sent here from 'Trans Time' and of local cryonicists (such as Yours Truly) training to carry out the suspension process. Other societies exist in Chicago, Detroit and other U.S. cities with a few cryonicists running small groups elsewhere in the world.



4. RESIGN YOURSELF: To the fact that you are living in a death oriented, pessimistic society where most people can barely contemplate yet another week of life - let alone the prospect of immortality. "Life Be In It" say peoples' buttons and T-shirts - YES! I say FOREVER! NEVER before has humanity been in such good shape as it is today. AT LAST we have the means to free people from poverty, starvation, mindless robot like work and Death. Take a wider look - it may appear to be moving slowly but in view of the entire history of the human race we are rocketing into a far better world. [my next article will expand upon this].

As we move into this age of optimism throwing away our dead ideas of pessimism and finiteness, as we are about to embark upon a new age of exploration and advancement both of the human individual and of the species as a whole you mean to tell me that you don't mind dying? You mean to tell me that it is not worth the effort? (to avoid death). You think that we cannot improve our situation? YOU WANT TO DIE?

Start thinking and take a wider view,

Love and Long Life,
Simon.

* (Dammit - every other person on campus is wearing Gorilla buttons - who wants to announce that they are gorillas? - Maybe they just like gorillas or want immortality for gorillas as well as humans).

WIMMIN ON CAMPUS

The A.N.U. WIMMIN ON CAMPUS group would like to talk to wimmin who have been sexually oppressed by male academics at the A.N.U.

Has this happened to you?

1. Has a male member of staff attempted to coerce you into a sexual encounter in exchange for academic favours?

2. Have you been the butt of sexist attitudes and jokes?

3. Have you been discouraged from any section of a course for the sole reason that you are a woman.

4. Have you been discriminated against because you are a woman with the added burden of family responsibility as well as study?

W.O.C. would like to eradicate these and other forms of sexist behaviour from the A.N.U.

The specific information we need is the lecturer/tutor's name, department and the nature of the offence. It is necessary to verify all facts, for obvious reasons, so it is necessary for us to talk in some detail to any woman involved in any such incident. *All discussions will be kept within the strictest confidence - your name is not important to us.*

If you would like to help -

(a) Leave a message in the W.O.C. pigeon-hole in the S.A. Office, OR

(2) Come along to the next W.O.C. meeting 1 - 2 Mondays in the Board Room in the Union Building.

ONLY WIMMIN UNITED CAN DEFEAT SEXUAL OPPRESSION.



Wimmin on Campus is open to all women at A.N.U. Meetings are held each Monday between 1pm and 2pm, but a permanent meeting room has not been arranged. This brings us to the need for a women's room on campus.

The purposes for having a women's room are as follows: a resource centre where information is freely available on women's health, and political issues, other centres for women, such as the Women's Refuge in Kingston, and the Women's House in O'Connor; a permanent meeting room, a place where women can relax and meet other women. The room should be open (if we can obtain a room in the Union) at the times the Union is open, so women have no restrictions placed on the times they can go there.

People opposed to having a Women's Room have said so along the lines of; "It's Sexist", or they are against having any form of "sexual segregation".

In the majority of cases opposition has been passed by *men* who are ignorant of the needs of women to have a centralised meeting area. That in itself is sexist in discriminating against the rights of women to organise and control their own affairs.

Women have got to stand up and fight for what they want. Make your feelings known.

M.A.G.

The A.N.U. Marijuana Action Group is continuing its activities this year with new membership. The meetings are held every second Monday in The Bridge or elsewhere if advertised. The next meeting is on Monday 9th April at 8pm, so if you having anything to say or contribute towards the "Legalize Marijuana" campaign, come along and get involved. After all, laws aren't changed by people who sit on their arse and complain of the injustices and stupidity of the present laws. Positive action is needed!

Various activities are being planned for the coming year, including the usual Smoke-Ins, and end of term dance, regular stalls on campus, and a petition to the Minister of the Capital Territory registering our disgust at the draconian legislation which was implemented at the end of last year. This legislation came about despite an active campaign in the A.C.T. to make people and politicians aware of the number of people who smoke Marijuana and the contradictions and oppressiveness of the present laws. The legislation was secretly introduced, unannounced in December, at a time when many students and activists were out of the A.C.T., thus unable to organise any opposition. The legislation included much tougher penalties, a list of which is at the end of this article.

At the last meeting, representatives of the A.C.T. branch of the Cannabis Research Foundation of Australia attended, outlining their aims for 1979. The C.R.F.A. has been set up in the A.C.T. by previous members of M.A.G. It was decided that the two groups should work together for the common cause of legalizing marijuana; although while M.A.G. is a student body, the C.R.F.A. is an organization deriving support from, lobbying, and providing information to the general public.

So, if you smoke marijuana and don't like the idea of being harassed by police and magistrates, fingerprinted and discriminated against in future employment because of a criminal record, well then get involved because it's up to people who smoke cannabis to lobby for reform of these ridiculous and intimidating laws.

Smash black market capitalists - grow your own !!!



ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG!

**BE PREPARED FOR A NIGHT OF REEFER MADNESS
THE MARIJUANA ACTION GROUP WILL PRESENT,
IN DEFIANCE OF DRACONIAN LEGISLATION, A
RAGING MARIJUANA DANCE BEFORE THE TERM
ENDS.
B.Y.O.D.**

FEED YOUR HEAD AND BODY

60gm butter 1 tablespoon honey
1 egg ½ cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon coconut 1 cup sultanas
1 cup lightly crushed cornflakes
2 cups wholemeal self-raising flour
½ teaspoon nutmeg
4-5 gms hashish or 28 gms grass
or both.

Beat butter, honey and brown sugar until combined; add egg, beat well. Add sultanas, coconut, cornflakes and sifted flour and nutmeg. Add Hashish and/or Grass. Grass must be slightly toasted in dry frying pan before adding to mix (take care not to burn it or it's all gone). Milk may have to be added for proper consistency if grass is used.

Press mix into shallow tray in moderate oven (375° - 400°F electric, 350°F gas) for 15 to 20 minutes.

THE ANTIDOTE !

To counteract any unpleasant side effects resulting from overindulgence, such as severe paranoia, cold fresh lemon or orange juice or any other form of vitamin C is suggested. Then rest in bed with warm blankets until the feeling abates.

Hot drinks increase the effects of cannabis and make the onset of the high more rapid.

GUNN IS LOADED & AIMED

At its A.G.M. on Monday 26th March, the ANU Liberal Society elected Mr John Gunn as its President in 1979, to succeed Alastair Walton who takes up employment in Melbourne. Here John Gunn presents his views on student affairs at A.N.U. in 1979.

The ANU Liberal Society is now entering its fourth year as a powerful and influential force in student politics, and indications are that this role will go from strength to strength in the immediate future. Since its inception the Society has ballooned to a membership exceeding one hundred, in its course eclipsing politically the ANU Labor Club, until it stands today as the single moderate and rational right-wing group on campus providing vital opposition to the hackneyed leftism of the Students' Association. The result is that for the first time ever a viable choice has been presented to students as a basis for debate on political and social issues within the university.

Our most important contribution has been with regard to the Students' Association itself. In their frenzied attacks on the Liberal Society the radicals have failed to understand the importance of our part in the maintenance of student democracy. We provide the only



real conflict of ideas the S.A. sees. Without our rational, consensus-orientated policies and beliefs the S.A. would flounder in a morass of apathy. Without us, the S.A. would become an isolated monolith, attracting the interest only of those versed in the purest of communist dogma. The Liberal Society sprang up because it had a role to play; its driving force has not been controlling from big business or the vicarious voice of parliamentary politicians, but rather the genuine aspirations of students themselves. The Society is not an exotic blue bloom flourishing artificially in a harsh and alien desert; it is a luxuriant growth with deep roots in a rich and recept-

ive soil.

It is unfortunate that the leader of the Students' Association is a person ill-equipped to face the challenges likely to arise during the year. President Stephen Bartos claims to be a moderating influence in student politics; it is nearer to the truth to say that he cannot adequately stand up to the demands of the extreme left. Experience has indicated Bartos' political impotence, and among many students his name is something of a joke. His attempts to shed his political partisanship in favour of a purely administrative standpoint are more likely to result in his being manipulated as a pawn of those who exert the most pressure.

The biggest threat to student autonomy comes not from Government or university legislation but from the weakness and incompetence of its own leadership.

A dark and fundamental doubt hangs also over the financial capability of President Bartos. He now stands back and points an accusing finger at pecuniary mismanagement, neglecting to mention his own involvement in the bodies he now chastises. He was once a member of those bodies and did nothing to curtail the abuse of student funds. Certainly actions such as these undermine his credibility as the representative of over five thousand students on the campus.

A fact which puts the real balance of influence in its perspective is that the recent A.G.M. of the Liberal Society attracted as many students as did the first S.A. meeting of the year. The continued virulence of the voice of Liberals at A.N.U. will cause students to realise that we act as a check to the abuse of political and financial power. We affirm our commitment to serious discussion of political and financial issues facing the student body politic, and call upon everybody to help us achieve an equity in student affairs.

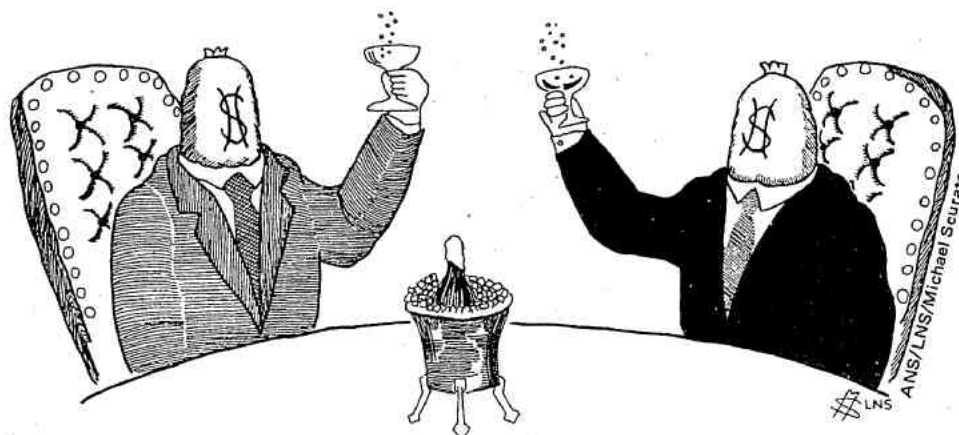
This year \$65 was extracted from your poverty stricken pockets and goes where we know not where. However, the rumour has it that it finances cloak and dagger activities within ... not ASIO ... The Union. The Union Board of Management is probably something you know nothing about and which directly affects your welfare on campus. Now they will cry "student apathy", (you mindless clones) they can get if they really want a la Jimmy Cliff. Surely it is the job of this body to tell its members what it is, what it's doing, and how it spends their money!

For starters there's the \$17,000 (that's what it cost to build) question of the "New Couth Bar". Did you know about the plans to build it? It seems to have been given fuck all publicity and we all returned from the land of Santa Claus and unemployment to find it built. It is now too late to ask if it is necessary etc. Note that it was built during the holidays, why? Well the Chairperson of the Union Board, Graham Gerashe, says that's because it's easier to build over the break, less people around etc. Perhaps that's the entire reason but remember the Molonglo Freeway Construction? They started that during the holidays to avoid student "discussion" Does the average student want "a lounge bar with cocktail facilities and a relaxing decore" (O-Week Handbook pg.14). Does he/she wish to pay a 10% surcharge on drinks in order to sit in plush surroundings, be served by a bow-tied barman, and not have to put up with barefoot plebs - well maybe they do. That is not the issue. We as members should be told what the Union Board is doing with our money before it's done.

You might say that such things don't happen often, surprise! surprise! At a meeting of the planning committee No. 7 1978 a plan was put forward to convert the downstairs area of the Union building into a shopping mall, the last in a long line of discussion. This means that the small round tables and public phones will disappear forever. The main ground floordoor of the Union will be near the present Food Co-op and to get to the refectory you will have to walk past flashy shop fronts. Imagine, constantly shuffling past little entrepreneurs, Merrivale, Mr John, and McDonalds - a classical form of marketing psychology. At present this is just a secret proposal, kept in the dark again?

Before condemning the Board to dinner for two at the ref we are led to believe that a regular newsletter will soon be published. It is hoped this will help to bridge the gap between us and them

hey, can you keep secrets ?



the union can !

only 13 years too late. We wish the Union Board well (is this move premature?????) in combating the ignorance which their ancestors effectively created.

And now a note of sobriety ... while attempting to sift truth from bullshit the members of the board approached were found to be extremely accessible and helpful ... but we all know the world is a ghetto, back to bitching.

stop press ... refectory cashier maimed ... severe burns ... 90% body ... student held for questioning. What really happened is the poor bastard flung a cup of coffee in a desperation move to avoid the 5c surcharge. Times are hard - another case of forgotten I.D. card. Fair enough, those wishing to benefit from use of Union facilities should become members, especially our well remunerated academic friends. However, we do not believe the hassle and the inconvenience caused by having to produce I.D. cards in the refectory, especially during the lunch-time entropy, justified the theoretical gains. What with showing that little bit of shit to get books on short loan at the Chifley Library, at the Union at night, and now in the refectory the A.N.U. will achieve QLD status. Perhaps the next step will

be border searches while going from one department to another! P.S. Do you ever wonder why the refectory runs at a loss? we do.

... late news ... fourth year forestry student dies of malnutrition in queue. ...

Let us pause and remember the Union is not here to perpetuate its own existence in profit terms. The objectives of the Union Board of Management, as stated in its constitution aim at the promotion of the general welfare of its members. This should entail the board encouraging its members to participate in the decision-making process by keeping us informed of current developments (all hopes pinned on the forthcoming newsletter). If this does not happen (i.e. if old habits never die) terribly horrific things will happen. MARK OUR WEIGHTY WORDS!

And it came to pass that it was revealed unto us that every member of the Union can attend Board Meetings. The next one is on Wednesday 11th April in the Union Board Room. We don't know what time but watch your notice board and THE BOARD, may reveal it to you ... ha ha ha ... hee hee hee ... ho ho ho ... general mirth amongst all ... fat fucking chance.

Ian Proctor Craig Stevens.

STEVEN BARTOS

REPLIES TO

JOHN GUNN

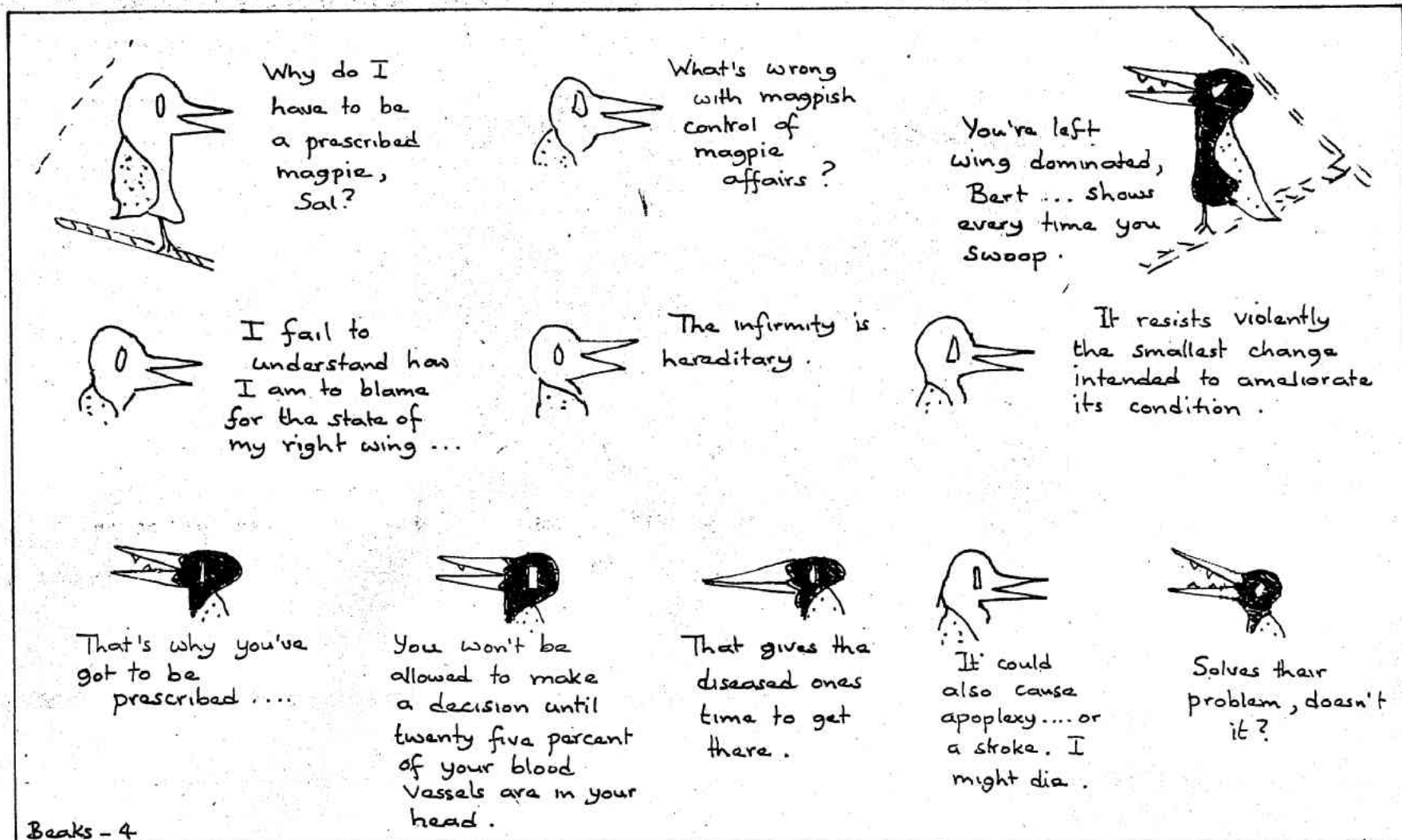
I reply to John Gunn's allegations because they might reflect upon the judgement of the people who elected me to this position and upon the standing of the Students' Association. The allegations are vague enough, and the tenor of the article fatuous enough, for most students to discount them entirely. Lest anyone be in doubt, though, a few corrections:

a) I have never claimed to be "a moderating influence in student politics". "Moderate" has been an unfortunate word on this campus since in 1976 a "moderate coalition" consisting of the executive of the Liberal Society attempted (unsuccessfully) to take over the Union Board. My political stand is clear. I am a member of the Labor Party (and the A.L.P. Students' Club, and A.C.T. Young Labor of which I am senior vice-president). I never attempt to shed my political affiliation - though I do attempt to be administratively efficient.

b) I point no fingers a pecuniary mismanagement (or at least I don't recall having done so

recently), and have no idea what John Gunn refers to here. The "dark and fundamental doubt" - what is indicated by this? It seems that John Gunn is trying to evoke some atmospheric effect, but is there anything behind it all? If he wishes to make an accusation about the Association, he should do so.

If Debate in these pages is to be conducted rationally, opponents of the Students' Association such as John Gunn will need to be better informed and more coherent. The record of the Liberal Society has been very poor to date: their tactics tend to defamation and disruption, rather than argument (and I cite Alastair Walton's drunken performance at the first Students' Association meeting as evidence - if you weren't there, ask someone for a description). I would welcome some reasoned argument from the Liberals; I believe that the counter arguments from the ALP Students' Club and other groups to its left are better founded and would prevail. John Gunn's article, unfortunately, does not contain such argument.



DEALING in RELIGION

Religion - the end of the line for many.

We have all heard a lot about religion. Almost all religion addicts started experimenting with simpler fantasies like the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus and the Bogeyman.

Once you are hooked on it, you have less than a 10% chance of kicking the habit by yourself.

Selling religion is an international racket that rips off more than money from adults and kids like you. Often they lose their ability to think rationally as well.

Because religion is injected directly into the brain there's a big risk of silly ideas causing mind poisoning and paranoia, meaning mental hospitals.

Very few religion addicts seek expert help with their disease, most keep returning to the drug until they die because the drug has destroyed



their mental health and free will.

Religion pushes assume a bewildering array of disguises to peddle their insidious drug. Some choose openly to wear silly costumes in a perverse pride at their abominable condition. Others, more cunning, choose to dress just like

you or I and so try to infest others with their doom without them at first realising what they are dealing with. And then it is often too late - their downhill slide to booring stupidity has begun.

Here are some helpful hints that will help you identify these scum before they have a chance to wreak their terrible curse on you:

Look for crazed vacant eyes
willingness to tolerate insults,
Inability to listen to anyone
else's point of view,
Quantities of ludicrous pamphlets,
Key words, like: 'Jesus',
'God', 'Salvation', 'sinner',
'Praise the Lord',
Moronic fixed smile.

REMEMBER! YOUR free will is at risk. Kill God before it kills you!

(Re: 'Woroni' March 26)

For Simon Carter

Cryonic suspension?
You say: 'Never die',
Unrealizing
you wouldn't die anyway.
Just as a balloon
seeks some vagrant
breeze to move on with:
So the questing
restless identity,
never having accepted
the ultimate sequence
lusts for another
and new
door to open
until
it goes through the right one.

J.J.L. Shaw.

The



Amazing Athol reviews

Pay attention now 4B. I feel that a few stern words to you are needed after receiving your last Music Appreciation essays. The general standard of these was utterly appalling. I would have thought that by now you were at least capable of putting two words together so that they would make sense, but it seems I was very wrong. "Fluid dynamism", Mr Parsons? What are we to take this as meaning, hmmm? Mr O'Grady... just what do you mean by "intense musical validity"? Both of you can explain to me in my office after class. Thankfully, not all your essays were disgusting. There were one or two exceptions, although not enough to reaffirm my faith in this class's command of the Norwegian language. I have selected Mr Snivellington's essay to read to the class as an example to you all.

"Music appreciation. Brian Snivellington, IV B. Ultravox - 'Systems of Romance'

I chose this particular piece of music to assess, because one of my sister's friends left it at my place one day and forgot to take it back. I listened to it and was very impressed. I had heard the first record that they made, and I liked that

too. I didn't hear the second one, which was called 'Ha Ha Ha'. This record was recorded at Connie Plank's studio near Cologne in Germany. This person has been involved with lots of German bands like Kraftwerk. The sort of sound that they make is called 'neumusik' by some people. They think that it sounds like machines. I think so too, a bit. Ultravox are sort of experimental in the

way they are putting sounds together. They use lots of electronic things like Mr Eno who lives down the road from my place, but they still sound like a real band, not just a whole bunch of machines. This album has got some slow songs and some fast ones on it. My favourite slow song is 'Slow Motion'. I think that the best fast song is 'Some of Them' which really rocks in

a mechanical sort of way. I think Ultravox are a bit funny, because the words to their songs are sort of strange, and don't really say anything much although they sound important. They seem to be talking about alienation and things like that all the time. There is a song called 'Dislocation' which is a very good example of this. A similar one is called 'Someone else's Clothes'. They seem to be desperate about something all the time, as if they are trying to be part of the new technological society, but not really happy about it. The music has this sort of uplifting quality about it, which is strange, because the rest of it is all so detached. Listening to this album is sort of like talking to your own reflection in a piece of polished steel. I wrote a letter to John Foxx, the singer in the band, telling him how I thought his voice was really good, but all he sent me was a piece of silicon with his name on it."

Well, there you are 4B. That's the sort of thing I'm expecting next time... Well done, Snivellington.

Love and kisses,
The somewhat Amazing Athol.



3/5 of Ultravox at play.

ULTRAVOX "SYSTEMS OF ROMANCE"



Last week's victims, the hapless Generation X, display articulate outrage.

Classical Records

OPERA FROM SALZBURG

For some years now, Herbert von Karajan and Karl Boehm have been the dominant names at Europe's greatest annual musical event, the Salzburg Festival. Recently two new opera recordings have come my way which emanate directly or indirectly from performances at Salzburg, namely Mozart's *Don Giovanni* recorded at actual performances given during the 1977 festival, and Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, based on performances conducted by Karajan at Salzburg and Vienna.

The Boehm *Don* is a very attractive offer indeed. On coldly economic grounds the fact that it is on three records instead of the usual four presents a saving of about \$8.00. On artistic grounds, it has the benefit of the Vienna Philharmonic in their finest form, not merely accompanying the singers but playing a part in the drama itself. On top of that there is Boehm's conducting. The level of concentration and the release of energy achieved is astonishing for a man in his mid-eighties, yet the drama is skilfully balanced against the tender and comical moments in the work without any loss of spontaneity. Added to this is the sense of occasion that only Salzburg can generate, and the presence of an audience who betray themselves only the enthusiastic applause at the end of each act. Stage

noises remain delightfully unobtrusive.

The cast generally is excellent and I will not go through them individually, but I must single out a couple of outstanding singers. As Leporello, Walter Berry is a marvel. He sang this part at Salzburg in 1954, and being the great artist he is, he uses every new performance of the part to reveal newly discovered subtleties in the character. Peter Schreier's Don Ottavio is also fine, and I liked Sherrill Milnes' very masculine and aggressive account of the title role.

Among competing versions, the classic H.M.V./Giulini set, also on three records is still a strong challenge, as is the Fricsay/D.G., however neither of these can match the fine sound the D.G. have given Boehm. Despite the attendant difficulties of recording live opera live, this one is very well balanced and the sound generally is very listenable and agreeable. In short, the new Boehm *Don Giovanni* is a very satisfying offering indeed. (D.G. *2740 194).

The appeal of the Karajan *Il Trovatore* is another matter. As with most of Karajan's Italian opera recordings, this one gives an unusual weight to the contribution of the orchestra. This has some very important benefits, most notably that we are given a chance,

especially with an orchestra as fine as the Berlin Philharmonic is here, of hearing for once just how fine an orchestra Verdi really was. In this recording, the orchestra's role is not merely that of the "big guitar" accompanying the singers, but it is given the chance to be an actual protagonist in and re-enforcement to the action on stage. In addition to that, the performance, which is very much under Karajan's control, is well paced and moulded with the action being allowed to unfold fully, and the climaxes able to achieve maximum effect. Some of the younger Verdi conductors (e.g. Levine and Muti) would profit from his example. The continual white heat of their performances does tend to become tiring after a while.

On the other hand, there is a school of thought that Italian opera is primarily concerned with singers, and to back up this case is the fact that Verdi spent enormous amounts of time trying to select singers to suit the roles in his operas, while regarding conductors as unfortunate necessities. I suspect that Karajan would lead him to repeat his plea to be free of the tyranny of conductors. If you think this way, then the classic 1955 La Scala version with a less obtrusive Karajan, plus Callas and di Stefano is more recommendable, or in

fine modern sound the R.C.A./Mehta or Decca/Nonyne recordings, the latter featuring Joan Sutherland.

For Karajan, Leontyne Price, the glorious Leonora for Mehta, repeats the assignment: Her voice now sounds smokier, older, and even more sensuous. Piero Cappuccilli is a fine Count. The Soviet mezzo Elena Obraztsova makes a very auspicious western recording debut as Azucena, and as Manrico the young tenor Franco Bonisolli blots an otherwise spotless copybook with a coarse, breathy *De quella pira*. I suspect that the fault is not entirely his; the recording is very unkind to the singers having been miked impossibly close to them, while the orchestra is allowed the full benefit of the studio, Berlin's Philharmonic. I was not very impressed either by the abuse of multi-channel recording techniques as practiced by the engineers.

Clearly this set is not for everybody, but Karajan fans like myself, or opera lovers wishing to try a new, more orchestral angle on an old favourite will find much to enjoy. (H.M.V. 3 record set *SLS 5111, **TC-SLS 5111).

* Indicates record
** Indicates Cassette.

Andrew Maher.

BOOKS

Drug Fiend Tells All

A DOZEN DOPEY YARNS

By J.J. McRoach
\$4.95.

Well shit how commercial can you get? — an initial reaction to my first glimpse of this bright little publication. (The orange lettering on the bright green cover really dances — if you're stoned enough!) But then my glazed eyes focused on the black lettering below the McRoach caricature on the front: Published by the Australian Marijuana Party. So we're being ripped off in a good cause, eh? Well, at least most of the well-heeled who can afford the \$5 for this book probably support the cause of Australia's Fourth major political party — It's hard to imagine an unconverted straight buying the thing for the hard-hitting political argument it doesn't contain. For this book is exactly what it says it is — and dopey aptly describes most of the twelve tales, both with regard to subject matter and style of presentation.

That style, which Australia's dope-smokers have come to know and love ever since McRoach began writing regularly in the *Living Daylights*, probably owes a lot to that "Dean of Gonzo Journalism" (McRoach's title) Hunter S. Thompson, and also to other rather flippant, casual

writers like John Hepworth.

So what? I hear you say, and I agree — J.J. himself would probably be flattered to be described (quite truthfully) as Australia's first and foremost Gonzo journalist.

But what the fuck is Gonzo? ('scuse the capital) Well, if you don't know (as I didn't) then you'll be educating, as well as entertaining yourself by reading this set of scintillating stories. For unlike some other books of the dope-smoking, pill-poppin' genre this effort is neither pretentious or elitist in relating the experiences of a dynamic and likeable freak, be he public relations director for Hunter S. Thompson's Australian lecture tour, or assisting an unlikely-sounding friend catch tiger snakes for a crust.

And that is one of the most impressive aspects of this book to me — the variety of experience related, and also the breadth of mood which comes across through J.J.'s smokey typewriter. The best stories, like the tale of Hunter S's Australian tour and that of McRoach's own campaign for the senate

election, are both amusing and informative, whereas others are more sobering, like the sad case of Peter Carey, South Australian mail-order dope dealer, or that of a harmless group of freaks framed and busted in deepest, darkest Queensland.

On a more outraged note is his report from Griffith after the disappearance of Don MacKay, (reprinted from *The Australasian Greed*) in which he shit-cans the straight press for the incredibly bad, distorted and sometimes false stories which came from the town at that time.

This is also not the only story reprinted from *The Australasian Greed* — at least half of them (or parts thereof) can be found in back issues of that good journal, thereby implicating the book as being part of a rather slick fund-raising by the A.M.P. Still, I for one would not begrudge them their percentage — those stories I hadn't read before I found very worthwhile, and as a fund-raiser I can think of few more pleasurable (legal) ways to contribute to an organisation trying to hasten the end of Australia's ridiculous marijuana prohibition.

Gough Gets Kerr

The Truth of the Matter by Gough Whitlam
Penguin Books \$3.50

The events of November 11 1975 have recorded themselves more or less indelibly in the social and political history of Australia. It is only fair to assume that Gough Whitlam, one of the principal actors in that drama, would be able to throw some new light on the often puzzling events of that day, and the days that led to it. This assumption is, sadly, in error. There are no new revelations in Mr Whitlam's book; nothing to explain the extraordinary events of that strange day. There is, in other words, no proof. Proof, you ask, of what? Let me try to explain. It is fairly apparent that Mr Whitlam believes that there was a fair amount of dirty work afoot that day, involving not only sir John Kerr, but also Malcolm Fraser. He never quite says so, but it seems reasonable to assume from his presentation of the facts that he believes Malcolm and sir John to have been in cahoots on and about that occasion. He seems certain that sir John was planning the downfall of the Whitlam Government before the so-called 'Constitutional Crisis' reared its power mad head at the hands of the Liberal party of Australia. There is circumstantial evidence to support this view; but there is bugger all hard evidence—no leaked letters, no defecting witnesses to strange and terrible schemes at that place called 'Yarralumla', nothing save a couple of partially overheard conversations. This of course is to be expected. Malcolm certainly isn't likely to tell us anything, and sir John has tried to tell us, in his long and pompous apologia, that he did nothing at all naughty. This of course is pure bullshit. Despite what he says, it is obvious that Kerr did something that day which he felt it necessary to explain. This in itself is tantamount to being an admission of a troubled conscience, if not of outright 'guilt'. Taken in conjunction with the now familiar facts, as disseminated by various authors, and mixed with gossip and a little innuendo, a powerful case begins to emerge. This is the course that Whitlam chooses to adopt, and it comes off. His style is authoritative, his arguments impressive, his reasoning logical and his conclusions sound. The conclusions that he comes to, in regard



to the power of the Senate and the future of the office of Governor-General, are impeccable. The power of both of these institutions must, says Whitlam, be curtailed. If this strikes you as a radical and rash move, you are likely to have supported Malcolm Fraser in his inelegant and desperate grab for power, and Mr Whitlam and I have probably been wasting our time. But to continue. Whitlam believes rather strongly that Australia needs to be a Republic, probably because of what happened to him. Anyone with half a brain should realise that, so I won't explain. The Senate is different, but it too needs a good scare, to stop its members (or some of them, anyway) from believing that they have God given powers to challenge the power of the only DEMOCRATICALLY ELECTED house of Parliament. At any rate, no other upper house in the advanced western world has the right to bring down Governments in this cavalier and autocratic fashion. Whitlam makes this point crystal clear, so if you have any

difficulty in understanding why the Senate should not have this power, you should read the book and find out. And finally there is that man Kerr. If you believe that he acted with sound judgement and agonised painstakingly over the decision, then you will be disillusioned by this book. If you think he was a rational, sober, and contemplative man, you will be interested to discover that a lot of people who know him better than you do think of him as an unreasonable, secretive, power crazed pseudo-aristocratic hard drinking back stabbing bastard. Whatever you think, you will find that 'The Truth of the Matter' is well and truly worth the reading, even if you 'don't like Politics'. It's a pity he didn't get the goods on Kerr, though. So it goes.

Screwed

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

Piers Paul Read.

The Professor's Daughter is one of those 'contemporary' books complete with screwed up children, screwed up parents, a screwed up society, revolutionary jesuit priests, dope and acid freaks, a jetset society, sex, violence and all the other little goodies which make up the wonderful world we have.

The book is readable but I wouldn't say it was a book which left an impression with me. It was just one of those paperbacks you read, put down and walk away from.

It is very hard to capture the "way it is" in such a dynamic manner as to leave a marked impression with readers so that they think "yes that's true, that's how and why it happens". The author tries to put himself in the place of a psychoanalyst and it doesn't come off. As I said, the book is readable . . . it's not bad but it's not good either.

Beth.



ATHEIST SOCIETY



Some people believe in god. Some do not. (Most do not care). God cannot exist and not exist at the same time. If it exists, we atheists are wrong. If it does not, we are right. We believe that we are right. Our belief is as legitimate as that of believers', since nobody has been able so far to prove conclusively the existence or non-existence of god. We believe that it does not exist because if it did its infinite perfection would not have allowed it to create imperfect beings (like men); its infinite benevolence would not tolerate the existence of evil in the world (like disease); its infinite omnipotence would not prevent it from revealing itself unmistakably just now, and so save us the trouble of having to write and read articles that deny its existence. In short, our belief in the non-existence of god is based on the obvious conclusions afforded by that most exclusive definer of man - Reason.

We believe in Man. We believe in you, women and men, who are capable of realizing yourselves as thinking entities by facing boldly and responsibly the evidence of reality. In other words, we oppose religion. We cannot but deplore the fact that millions of people sink into mythological reverie through fear and childish self-interest. Nevertheless we do not condemn the person who decides independently and responsibly on his own beliefs. Every human being has certain psychological needs to satisfy. One of the most common and therapeutically helpful is that of cultivating the conscious or subconscious illusion of a being living in his heart to whom he can recur for protection and reprehension (an "exalted father" as Freud says).

We understand that such fantasies may be necessary for some, we justify their existence as a means to establish one's ethic convictions, we respect the woman/man who wants to dream. What we cannot understand nor justify nor respect is the continuous assault of organized religion on the good faith of people, the grim record of crimes perpetrated in the name of god throughout history, the philistine interference of the churches in the development of civilization, the indoctrination of children in systems of morals based on class and sex discrimination, the fomentation and exploitation of ignorance and superstition, the brazen hypocrisy of the self-appointed ministers of god, their shameless avarice of power, influence and money, their fraudulent manipulation of society to attain, preserve and increase that power through unjustifiable privileges, their blatant collusion with other dream sellers as pernicious as themselves, and many other sins against human dignity and freedom that a just god would not tolerate if it existed.

Even if god existed its existence would not justify the existence of institutionalized religion with its legion of visionaries, retrograds, dictators, swindlers, bludgers and hypocrites. We agree that there are many good-willing, admirable people in the lower ranks of the churches. We think they are blind. You should not be fooled by propagandist veneer like the Salvation Army. You do not need god as a pretext to be good.

Come to the Atheist Society. Do not be afraid, we do not want to proselytize. We respect you as an individual. We want to be human. We shall care about the after-life when we get there. Now we want to justify that the university deserves to be called the "temple of the intellect".



A.N.U. WORLD DEVELOPMENT SOCIETY

Are you ashamed of being abysmally ignorant about the Third World?

Do you suspect that developed countries benefit from the poverty level of the developing countries?

Come and find out more about what is being done, both TO and ABOUT the developing countries.

If you know more than we do, (a VERY distinct possibility), we welcome you even more.

Please come to our next meeting on Tuesday, April 10, at 12.30 (going to 1.30 for both lunch hours) On the Union Bridge.

TO ALL CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

Do you know that -

- (a) to remain affiliated with the Students' Association you must supply a list of 15 undergraduates who are members of your club/society? (This may be sent or left at the S.A. Office in the Union). That you had 15 such people last year is of purely historical interest.
- (b) under recent amendments to the Clubs and Societies Regulations, you will receive no grants for 1979 until such a list is provided?
- (c) if this list is not provided by the end of April, you will face disaffiliation? This would mean losing automatic access to duplicating facilities, Union rooms, Union credit, etc., as well as the right to apply for S.A. grants.
- (d) you need to have a representative sign the Clubs & Societies register at two S.A. general meetings each term? This lets us know that you still exist and may help you to keep up with matters of interest to you should they arise at the meeting.
- (e) I would like to have the names of your Committee, and in particular of a contact (preferably on campus) to whom letters, people interested in your activities, etc., can be directed? (After all, someone looking for you is more likely to ask me for your address than they are to ask you).

Thank you for your attention.

Ian Rout (Chairperson, Clubs and Societies)

A.L.P. STUDENTS' CLUB

ATTENTION !

The A.N.U. A.L.P. Students' Club on Thursday 19th April will be presenting the Amazing film "Controlling Interests" - a film highlighting the frightening power possessed and yielded by multi-national companies (e.g. Chile) A Must for All !

Remember "Controlling Interests" The Tank. Thursday, 19th April. at

The ALP Students' Club held its AGM on the 22nd March, and the following were elected to positions:

President: Louise Tarrant (Bruce Hall, Ext. 33)

Vice-President: Stephen Bartos

Secretary: Ian Nolan (C/- Students' Assn. Office, 48 7818)

Treasurer: John Quiggin

Committee: Mark Shadur; David Braddon-Mitchell,

CALPS ACT Executive delegate: Ian Nolan.

At the general meeting held after the AGM, the club considered, amongst others, the issues of TEAS and abortion.

On TEAS, the Club adopted a position supporting the AUS view - i.e. TEAS should be a living wage (equal to or above the Henderson Report poverty line), with no means test. Whilst we realise the inequality of rich students getting the same allowance as poor, it was felt that there were too many problems associated with instituting a practical and fair means test (e.g. rich parents do not necessarily mean a rich student; also, students are adults and should not be tied to their parents, financially or otherwise).

On abortion, the Club passed a motion supporting Sen. Susan Ryan's pro-abortion moves, believing that the issue of abortion should be the private concern of a woman and her doctor.

The Club will meet on the following days during first semester:

Monday 2nd April, in Charlie's Bar (downstairs in the Union)

Monday 30th April, in the Union Board Room (upstairs)

Monday 4th June, in the Union Board Room,

All meetings commence at 7.30 pm, and all are welcome.

The Club also hopes to have a number of guest speakers during the year - further details will be notified in Woroni and around the campus.

assertion workshop

A two-day workshop to learn assertive skills will be held in the May vacation on Thursday and Friday, May 17-18, from 9.30 am to 4.30 pm each day.

Participants in this workshop will have an opportunity to learn how to take initiatives, to ask for what they want, and to express what they believe in both personal and academic situations. They will learn to identify aggressive and passive behaviour and to develop alternatives to them. The workshop will be led by Leila Bailey and Geoff Mortimer.

If you wish to take part or ask further questions, contact Leila (49 2442) or Geoff (49 3661) or call to see either of them on the first floor of the Health and Counselling Centre Building.

Numbers will be limited and the closing date for enrolment is 4th May. There is a registration fee of \$1.00.

know the law

Poisons and Narcotic Drugs Ordinance 1978

A. Cannabis (includes all parts of the plant except its fibre)

1. Possession *or* use (any amount) = \$100
2. Possession of more than 25gms = \$2,000 or 2 yrs (or both)
3. Supply *or* sale *or* possession for sale to another (any amount) = \$4,000 or 10 yrs (or both)

Note: If the person has more than 100 grams of cannabis or 2 grams of resin he is taken to have it for sale *unless he/she shows otherwise.*

There

are defences of medical authorisation etc! — the defendant must show these.

B. Other schedule 8 or 12 drugs

e.g. amphetamine, methodone, methylamphetamine, pethidine, heroin, lysergic acid, psilocin, psilocybin

1. Possession *or* self use *or* administration to another (any amount) = \$2,000 or 2 yrs (or both)
2. Supply *or* sale *or* possession for sale (any amount) = \$100,000 or 25 years (or both)

Note: As in the case of cannabis, possession of above specified amounts (e.g. 2 grams heroin, methylamphetamine, methodone, amphetamine; 0.002 gram lysergic acid; 7.5 grams mescaline; 10 grams pethidine; 0.1 gram psilocin or psilocybin) is taken to have it for sale *unless he/she shows otherwise.*

NOTICE OF MEETING

The next meeting of the A.N.U. Students' Association will be held on WEDNESDAY 18th APRIL at 8.00 in the UNION BOARD ROOM.

On the Agenda —

- election of the Education/Welfare Officer
- Women's right to abortion
- A motion in support of revolution in Southern Africa as the only solution

NOMINATION

Nominations are called for the position of Education/Welfare Officer. Duties: to co-ordinate student representation, and work full-time on education matters affecting student welfare. Salary equivalent to weekly TEAS. Nominees must be members of the S.A. — this is an elected position. Nominations close 12 noon, Wednesday, 18th April 1979.

huh?

Stephen Bartos (scratching ear and looking concerned, responsible and amiable): A friend of mine stormed into the office a while ago highly vexed about a local product, easily discernable at the opening of an eye, which has been on the market for a considerable time. It's approximately 170 cm high and weighs around 64 kilos. To the casual observer it might look like a harmless, rather pleasant object to have around the house, and in fact the real danger of this thing is its apparent innocence and its homely appeal to children and the infirm. I asked my friend what this product was "The Bartos", he replied. "But surely you're not suggesting that that lovable cuddly person could be a danger to anyone?" "Oh no?" he said, throwing a jug of paraffin over me and setting light to my trousers.

"Supposing now, you were to fall over onto a little girl who was touching an inflammable lampshade, and sucking a poisonous toy soldier, with one toe in the lamp socket and another in the bath, then how would you like to be in that little girl's shoes?" My friend has a point of course. And don't you think it's time (Narrowing eyes for greater dramatic effect) that I was properly labelled by the government with my weight, size, and potential dangers? What do you think?

(Apologies to 'Private Eye')

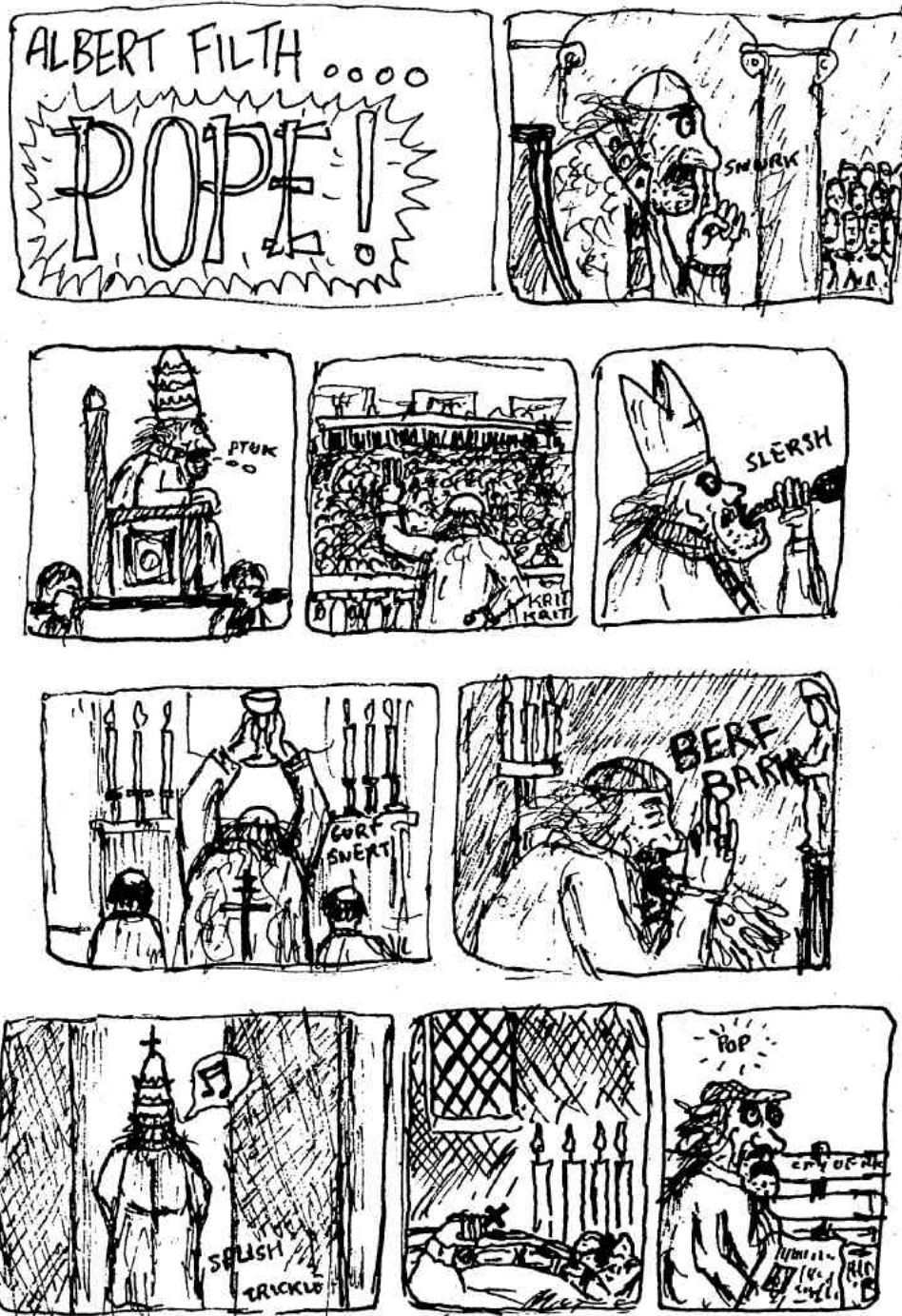
R.R.

a meeting etc

H.H. to M.W. They left us out!
 M.W. Well, I wasn't here last year.
 H.H. Oh, weren't you? Sorry.
 M.W. What I want to know is who M.B. is.
 Enter L.D. pursued by Russian bear,
 L.D. I can't find the secretary. Tell that postgraduate/that undergraduate/that Krebs I have a publisher's deadline to meet. And Fine Art has nicked the projector again. (vanishes)
 Enter M.B. and M.B.
 M.B. If I thought Johnson was a nose-picking manic depressive I certainly wouldn't say so. Yet another bright little thing might leave.
 M.B. I'm really glad. Personally I doubt whether his nose was all Pope picked. And I think they should be told.
 W.K. (making a guest appearance) Hi, how's teaching. If I ever get to 's' and don't get stuck between *sax* and *six* maybe *stuffed-up* should have a cross reference to Eng.Dept. Who just said 'stuff'?

John Evilyn.

The people who bought copies of *The Bible Handbook* at the ANU Atheist Society stall in Orientation Week. The books have arrived, but we cannot find the list with your names. Please get in contact with any member of the Society or ring pollux (internal 3906).



HARRISBURG IN PERSPECTIVE

"If anything can possibly go wrong, it will." Murphy's Law.

By now everyone will be familiar with the events at the nuclear reactor in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. What many people might not realise is that this is not the first time that the power level of fissile systems has become uncontrollable, that is, a nuclear accident occurring or just being avoided. Over the past 32 years there have been a total of 26 occasions when this has occurred (according to the Atomic Energy Commission, now the Nuclear Regulatory Commission in the U.S.).

The first experimental breeder reactor suffered a core meltdown in November 1955. The reactor came within a half-second of exploding before being brought under control. On

October 5, 1955, the "Fermi-1" Breeder Reactor near Detroit suffered a partial fuel meltdown when several pieces of sheet metal broke off the bottom of the reactor vessel and were swept up by the coolant flow, eventually blocking it off (ironically the incident was caused by the failure of some last minute safety equipment attached to the plants cooling system). The plant was eventually shut down after only 378 hours of operation; thus it cost \$352,000 per hour to operate the facility. Had the reactor exploded it would have released enough radioactivity into the atmosphere to kill as many as 115,000 of the two million people living in the area. The incident is typical of the numerous near misses which have occurred in nuclear reactors all over the world.

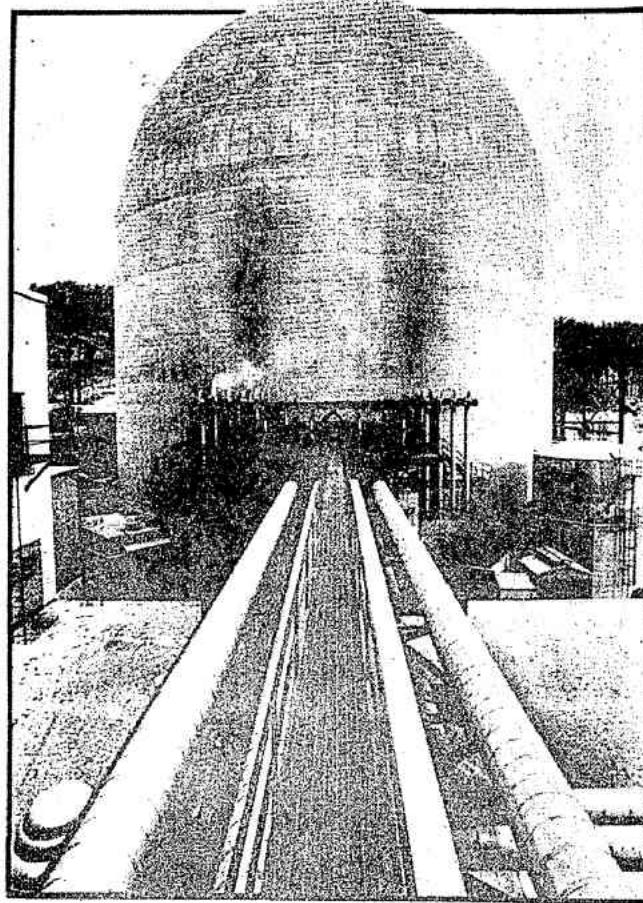
Numerous worker injuries and deaths have been one by product of these 'mistakes'. In the AEC's 1975 report "Operational Accidents & Radiation Exposure Experience", it notes that in the preceding 32 years, there were 10,086 disabling work injuries at AEC facilities including 321 fatalities. The death rate from cancer found among plutonium workers is almost twice as high as the cancer rate of all white males. The myth that actual explosions have not caused deaths is totally unfounded. On January 3, 1961, at the reactor at the Idaho Falls Testing Station three young technicians were working on top of the stainless steel reactor vessel when one of them mistakenly removed a control rod out of the core. The rod acts to slow the chain reaction and keep atomic fissions at a low rate. No longer kept in check, the chain reaction took off; temperatures inside the reactor vessel skyrocketed, tons of water around the nuclear core flashed instantly to superheated steam and pressures inside the vessel soared to as much as 10,000 pounds per square inch. The 200 ton reactor vessel was torn off the floor, hammering two of the men into the concrete ceiling and killing them instantly. Steam at temperatures of more than 1,000 degrees exploded in the room,

tearing huge chunks of radioactive fuel with it. The third man lived for two hours and then died; the nurse who attended him on the trip to the hospital received 3-4 years worth of irradiation. It took six days before the body of one of the victims could be removed from the ceiling where it had been wedged by the explosion; his body was so badly burned and decomposed by radiation that the AEC did not want relatives to know which

of the three he was. As it was, all three workers were later buried in closely guarded funerals in graves lined with lead and a foot of concrete which cannot be opened or moved without NRC permission. It is true that accidents of similar scale and horror do occur in the processing and utilization of fossil fuels, however, nuclear energy is at present only supplying 3% of the energy requirements in the U.S. One needs little imagination to extrapolate the carnage on present and future generations if nuclear energy were to supply 100% of our energy needs.

licity. In March, 1973, Argentine guerillas seized control of a reactor under construction, painted its walls with political slogans and departed carrying the guards' weapons. Two explosions ripped through the site

of a nuclear power station under construction in Fessenheim, France on May 3, 1975, shortly after a self styled anarchist group telephoned a bomb threat to a local newspaper. The following month terrorist explosives simultaneously detonated at the plants main computer at Courbevoie and in nuclear workshops at Argenteuil. In November, 1972,



Acts of God and terrorism compound the problems of human error and plant malfunctions.

Nelson A. Rockefeller on the 13th June 1963 opened the world's first commercial nuclear waste plant at a sparsely settled area near the hamlet of West Valley, N.Y. Today, 16 years later, the plant lies almost idle with a skeleton crew of 50. The taxpayers of New York are lumped with a potential bill of one billion dollars, 600,000 gallons of buried (but highly radioactive) liquid wastes and 2 million cubic feet of buried radioactive garbage (contaminated tools, materials, etc.). Water which eventually ends up in the city of Buffalo's drinking supplies has been seeping through the radioactive garbage. It has also come to light that the plant is built on an area of some seismological uncertainty. Between 1840 and 1967 there were 13 earthquakes of medium to high intensity with epicenters within 100 miles of the plant. A high intensity earthquake is likely within the area once every 750 years. The radioactive wastes will remain there for several hundred thousand years. The company which ran the plant, Nuclear Fuel Services, pulled out in 1975 after the cost of bringing the plant in line with safety regulations topped 600 million dollars, 20 times the original cost of the plant.

Nuclear reactors around the world have also been victims of terrorism which has received little pub-

three skyjackers armed with guns and grenades hijacked a Southern Airlines DC-9 with 31 passengers and threatened to crash it into the reactor at Oak Ridge National Lab if their ransom demands were not met. A 14-year old physics student threatened to blow up Orlando, Florida, unless he was given \$1 million; he sent a sketch of his nuclear weapon, precise in detail.

Plant security has continuously been breached. Werner Twadzik, a parliamentary representative in West Germany, joined a tour of the 1200-megawatt Biblis-A reactor carrying a two foot "panza-faust" bazooka under his jacket; he passed undetected through the sophisticated security instruments of the world's largest operating reactor and presented the bazooka to the plant's president at the end of the tour.

Urban guerillas seem already to have discovered the blackmail potential in radioactive contamination. On June 10, 1976, the Greenpeace Foundation announced that it had been offered, but turned down, one ounce of stolen plutonium while attending that year's Habitat Conference; that would have been enough to seriously threaten the entire city of Vancouver (site of the Conference). On the average, the NRC loses track of 100 pounds of uranium and 60 pounds of plutonium every year - enough to make more than 10 atomic bombs.

Accidents involving nuclear materials are not uncommon. In the past 25 years there have been about 300 accidents involving packages of radioactive material. In about 30% of those accidents, there was a release of radioactive material. A 100lb case containing radioactive Cesium 137 was recovered at a local junk yard in Berlin, New Hampshire on March 24, 1975. Not all materials lost have been found in time, however. On March 21, 1962, a 10 year old Mexican boy found a small capsule of Cobalt 60 that had been removed from its lead container. After carrying it on his person for several days, he placed it in the kitchen cupboard. During the next three months and 23 days, the boy, his mother, his three year old sister, and his grandmother died. Obviously the problem of waste storage is a long way from being solved. In another case Cesium 137 that escaped from a storage facility in Hanford, Washington, was detectable all the way across the Pacific Ocean to Japanese waters.

Three years ago at the same plant a waste trench accumulated so much plutonium that it almost created its own runaway chain reaction; enough plutonium had been allowed to pile up inside a waste trench that it could have reached criticality under certain conditions. On the map of Nevada, there are huge sections (250 sq. miles) of the state marked off with the words "Danger Zone"; the waste stored there will be deadly for well over the next 25,000 years.

The AEC in May 1974 confirmed reports that plutonium 238 had leaked from the weapons factory in Miamisburg, Ohio, but it did not know how much or how far the leakage had spread; the problem was compounded by the fact that the plutonium may have been flowing into several nearby ponds and a canal for 16 years through a pipe that was only recently discovered. One AEC spokesperson remarked: "We have no idea how the plutonium leaked out of the factory into the mud; this comes as a complete surprise". The familiarity of this statement after the Harrisburg incident is irksome. Dr Harold Denton, the nuclear expert sent to Harrisburg as President Carter's representative, said that computer analyses of reactor problems had never considered the possibility of such a bubble forming (in the reactor). Perhaps the most significant reaction at Harrisburg was that politicians, scientists and the company running the show could not agree as to the extent of the danger. In the light of the above facts this speaks poorly of the extent of our understanding of nuclear energy. Harrisburg is a warning, we may not be able to afford many more. Should it be ignored then the denominators of humankind are truly greed, self-interest and ignorance, and we are lost.

T.L.

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